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THEOLOGICAL

EVANGELICAL

PSALMS, HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS

SELECTED FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS;

And published by a Committee of the Convention of the Churches, believing in the

RESTITUTION OF ALL MEN

MET IN PHILADELPHIA, MAY 25, 1791.

O praise the Lord all ye nations; praise him all ye people.

For his merciful kindness is great towards us: and the truth of the Lord *endureth* for ever. Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM CXVII.

PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED BY THOMAS DOBSON, AT THE STONE-HOUSE, No. 41, SECOND-STREET.

M,DCC,XCII.

HYMNS

By JAMES RELLY.

I.

Common Metre.

For it pleased, that in him should all fulness dwell.—
Col. i. 19

1 ALL fulness in the lamb we view;
To look beside him, loss:
He's only holy, just and true;
All else is dung and dross.

2 There dwells in him, as stain'd with blood,
Jehovah's power and name;
Greatly, from everlasting, God,
Yea when the slaughter'd Lamb.

3 In him we know the holy bride
All gather'd into one;
She looks out through his bleeding side,
With all her beauties on.

4 In him we see God's heav'n, our earth,
In perfect peace agree:

This gives our one new man its birth,
And ſets our nature free.

5 His purg'd humanity is ours,
And in it now we prove
A ſeat above the heavenly pow'rs,
Fix'd in the Father's love.

6 New heav'ns, new earth, we now poſſeſs;
Beulah, that bleſſed field,
Where dwells eternal righteouſneſs;
And God's our ſun and ſhield.

7 Here's nothing hurtful to deſtroy;
The holy mountain's here;
No curſe, nor ſin, us to annoy,
No torment, guilt, or fear.

8 Of *Jeſus* we will never ceaſe
To ſing as we began;
In whom there dwells, in perfect peace,
God and his darling man.

II.

Long Metre.

In his humiliation his judgment was taken away.—
Acts viii. 33.

1 DEAR Lamb! thy humbled ſtate we ſing,
Thy name, thy wounds and blood we praiſe;
We

We own thee, infant God, our King,
And to thy throne our hearts we raiſe.

2 Dear holy child, we ſing the birth
Of him conceiv'd in holineſs;
Where God our maker took our earth,
Our curſe and all our helpleſſneſs.

3 Thy firſt blood-ſhedding hath us ſeal'd,
In peace and covenant with God,
From fleſhly filth and ſhame, now heal'd
By holy circumciſion-blood.

4 Thou God of love, yet growing youth,
Subject to creature-parents thou;
Thy humble ſteps, eternal truth,
Make us admire, and wond'ring, bow.

5 Poor man, deſpiſed *Nazarene*,
With ſweating brow thou earn'dſt thy bread;
Great God! thy glories were unſeen,
And from the eyes of mortals hid.

6 Humbled in poverty and pain,
Temptation ſore, contempt and ſcorn,
That curſe of ours for to ſuſtain,
Was the eternal Father born.

7 Empty'd of all, but tort'ring ſmart;
His honor and his judgment loſt;

Deep

Deep, unknown ſorrows fill'd his heart,
His ſoul with fierce temptations toſt.

8 By this, the everlaſting grace,
And nature-love of God appears;
By this we ſee the Father's face,
Where loſt are all our ſins and fears.

III.

Short Metre.

I am the true vine, and my Father is the huſbandman.
John xv. 1.

1 JESUS, the grace reveal'd,
The great ſalvation ſhewn,
The ſum of love's decrees unſeal'd,
The plant of great renown.

2 Rais'd by the Father's grace,
The plant of his right hand,
To repreſent before his face,
The ſouls from ev'ry land.

3 Plant of the Father's care,
On whom his love did ſhine;
The branches in him hidden were,
'Till he grew to a vine.

4 The eternal huſbandman,
To make the branches pure,
In wiſdom infinite began
Our barrenneſs to cure.

5 He then this vine would dreſs,
Whilſt love his hand did urge,
That ev'ry branch in righteouſneſs,
He in one vine might purge.

6 From each ſuperfl'ous ſhoot,
The buds of man's offence;
This to deſtroy he purg'd the root,
And in it ev'ry branch.

7 With bruiſes was he dreſt,
And nail'd up to a tree;
The pruning hook his ſoul oppreſt,
That he might fruitful be.

8 He was not purg'd in vain,
But did his ſtrength recruit;
And when was finiſh'd all his pain,
There then appear'd his fruit.

9 Diſtill'd from all his ſmart
The holy unction ran;
This is the wine that chears the heart,
The heart of God and man.

10 With us he doth abound,
As branches, he the ſtem;
From him our fruitfulneſs is found,
And ſhall remain in him.

11 Hence ſhall our joys ariſe,
And ev'ry hour improve,

Whilſt, in his ſmoaking ſacrifice,
God hears our ſongs above.

IV.

Long Metre. 4-

Can a woman forget her ſuckling child, that ſhe ſhould not have compaſſion on the ſon of her womb.—Iſa. xlix. 15.

1 LET Heav'n and earth united ſing
The praiſes of the God of love,
Our *Huſband*, *Saviour*, God and King,
Whoſe name and nature ſuch we prove.

2 But *Zion*, church and bride of God,
Withdrawing from the joyful throng,
Bewails her ſtate of widowhood,
And vents complaint inſtead of ſong.

3 For grief, an abſent God's her plea,
In deepeſt ſorrow thus ſhe cries,
The Lord he hath forſaken me,
Diſſolv'd are all the ſolemn ties.

4 I of my God forgotten am,
Tho' once belov'd and nam'd his bride;
My glory's turned into ſhame,
Where from my mis'ries may I hide?

5 Ceaſe *virgin-ſpouſe*, why ſhould'ſt thou grieve,
And cauſeleſs mourn in tears of blood?

Thy

Thy joy is full, only believe,
And hear what says thy husband, God.

6 Can mothers kind forgetful prove,
Of sucklings nourish'd at the breast,
Maternal bowels cease to move,
To infants when with pain oppress'd?

7 Or can compassion leave the heart
Whilst they their smiling babes expose
To death, without b'ing kill'd with smart,
And feel again their pangs and throes?

8 Those, worse than brutal, may forget,
Who having nature's laws withstood;
Thro' curs'd impulse, strange, nameless great,
Imbrue their hands in infant's blood.

9 But I will ne'er forget my bride,
Says *Jesus*, God of love and truth,
Taken, when sleeping, from my side,
Then born to bear eternal youth.

10 I'll not forget my word, my oath,
I'll not forget my wounds, my blood;
My friendship makes but one of both,
And I am still thy Saviour, God.

11 Wrote on my hands thy much lov'd name,
My *Zion*, glorious is thy state!
I see thee always without blame,
And his own body none can hate.

12 Thy

12 Thy walls before me always are;
Bounds to thy dwelling I have set;
My *Zion*'s my peculiar care,
My *Zion* I will ne'er forget.

13. O happy *Zion*! see and prove
How groundless all thy sorrows are;
Live in thy husband's nature, love,
And that shall cast out all thy fear.

V.

God is love, and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him.—John iv. 16.

O Love! what a secret to mortals thou art!
'Tis God's deep eternity, nature and heart:
The witnessing dove confirms this high plan,
And likewise his word and his dealings with man;
The sorrows of *Jesus*, his torment and pain,
Has left no foundation for doubting again.

2 O love! how mysterious and boundless art thou!
Thy date and thy measure unlimited flow:
This *Jesus* reveals with evidence strong;
It gladdens my heart, and inspires my song
With praise to my *Saviour*, my Lord and my God,
Whose love is my glory, as view'd in his blood.

3 O

3 O love! what a gath'ring of souls thou hast made!
All into one fountain, one body, one head;
Where they were preserv'd thy own, through the fall,
The fulness of *Jesus*, who fills all in all:
Close in her pavilion, the darling, the bride,
Lay hid in her husband, till born from his side.

4 O love! what a bridegroom of honour and trust!
The fulness of heaven hath married my dust;
He humbled himself to cleave to his wife,
In all her distress and her sorrows of life;
With her was he number'd amongst the unclean,
Nor yet could he loathe her, nor jar come between.

5 O love! what a husband thy care did provide!
Descending from glory in search of thy bride;
Her substance conceiv'd, thy body was she;
Incarnate in her, and she then was in thee;
In the womb of the virgin, the twain was made one:
Whence God, our Creator, was born a poor man.

VI.

Common metre.

In my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself.
Job xix. 26, 27.

1 SEE, O my soul, with wonder see,
Array'd in flesh, thy God,
Cloath'd with my whole humanity,
And deeply drench'd in blood!

2 My flesh, my blood, and bone espous'd;
(O the amazing plan!)
From nature's death and darkness rous'd,
When God became a man.

3 My frame, once pure, was marr'd and harm'd,
Between his hands quite spoil'd;
But now a nobler vessel form'd,
When God became a child.

4 At *Bethl'hem* was my purer birth,
The Virgin-mother mine,
His heav'n married to my earth,
In *Christ* the man divine.

5 *Emmanuel* is God with me,
In our exalted Lamb;
In whom I'm reconcil'd and free:
All praise attend his name.

6 His sonship proves my sin forgiv'n,
Makes my salvation sure;

Prepares

Among Tho' Fitzgerald's papers I have the original Mss Report of the Com. to make a hymn book to the Convention of 1791 that they had made a selection but acceded to the request of the Brethren in Boston not to print until the meeting of the present Convention.

Also the Mss Minutes of the Convention of 1792 in wh it was agreed that "the above collection

to founded as soon as
possible and that B.
Wolfe Tone, Moore
Evans Fitzgerald Francis
and Israel be a Com-
mittee to forward the
work any four to be
a Quorum"

That is to say that
my great grandfather
Thomas Fitzgerald
the father in Law
of Mr Francis was

Members of the Committee
to forward the publication
of this hymn book -
They had sold three
Subscribers to the republi-
cation of Rattle Hymns
in Burlington N. J
& sold one Dozen
of the new Universalist
Church in Lombard St
W. of 4th

Louis F Benson

Oct 14 1928

The Rally hymns open
the book
for the list of authors
& sources see p. 223
(for Curtis Sheppard
see Cowboy & Western Songs)

Note that Anne Boyer
could not decipher the
numbering of the hymns
& from CXLIV onward
counts wrongly.

Evangelical Psalms, Hymns and Spiritual Songs. Selected from various Authors, and Published by a Committee of the Convention of the Churches believing in the Restitution of all Men. Met in Philadelphia, May 25, 1791.

16mo, sheep. Stained.

Philadelphia: Thomas Dobson, 1792

Prepares for me a ſeat in heav'n,
And keeps my joy ſecure.

7 In him accepted; and, as him,
Receiv'd in realms above;
In him I triumph, ſoar, and ſwim,
In everlaſting love.

8 All my religion and my life
Art thou, my Lamb, my God;
I'm fix'd; from hence my future ſtrife
Shall be to praiſe thy blood

VII.

Common metre.

I had fainted, unleſs I had believed.—Pſa. xxvii. 13.

1 SHEW me the reaſon, O my God,
Why I afflicted am;
Since thou haſt waſh'd me in thy blood,
And cover'd all my ſhame.

2 Why yet muſt rebel nature live
To fill my heart with pain?
Why yet my *Jeſus* muſt I grieve?
Shall nature ne'er be ſlain?

3 Ten thouſand tears, more num'rous ſighs,
Flow from this heart of mine,
In ardent pray'r, with piercing cries,
I ſeek redreſs in vain.

4 Whilſt paſſing thro' baptiſmal fire,
My ſpirit frets and pines,
And, languiſhing with fierce deſire,
Would know thy deep deſigns.

5 What! muſt I loſe my friends and fame,
All that's to be deſir'd?
Have vile contempt pour'd on my name,
Abhorr'd, but not admir'd?

6 What! muſt temptations yet prevail,
And *Satan* ſift my heart?
Whilſt inbred luſts my mind aſſail,
And cauſe me grievous ſmart?

7 Muſt heaven, earth, and hell unite
Againſt me in this war?
How ſhall I bear this dreadful fight,
Or keep from foul deſpair?

8 *Take up the croſs, thyſelf deny,*
(O moſt ungrateful ſound!)
Alas! I burn, and ſink, and die,
And feel the ſpirit's wound.

9 Is there no way to glorify
Thy death and honour'd name,
Except I to myſelf thus die,
And ſwim thro' floods of ſhame?

10 What! be deny'd my heart's deſire,
My expectations croſt;

Whilſt all my joys of ſenſe expire,
My reputation loſt?

11 The thought of *this* diſtracts my heart,
'Tis worſe than death or hell;
The torment, pangs, and dreadful ſmart
My tongue can never tell.

12 Peace, O my ſoul; this is the path
That leads to reſt divine:
'Tis this illuſtrates *Jeſu*'s death,
And makes his goodneſs ſhine.

13 Now, with my Lord nail'd to his croſs
I feel the untold pain;
But, ah! how loth to ſuffer loſs,
Am I, tho' 'tis my gain!

14 O lamb! 'tis thou doſt exerciſe
Me with this ſearching flame,
And, thro' thy ſufferings, wilt baptize
Me into all thy name.

15 Since this I know, I check my fears,
And all I am reſign;
Fly from my heart, ye anxious cares,
My lamb, I'm wholly thine.

VIII.

But where sin abounded, grace did much more abou
Rom. v. 20.

1 THE victory's won,
And *Satan* is down;
We now overcome,
His kingdom disown:
The seed of the woman
Hath bruised his head,
Hath made us that new man,
Which love had decreed.

2 In *Adam* we lost
Our *Eden* by sin;
But we now, thro' *Christ*,
Again are brought in:
The vail it is torn,
And paradise gain'd:
The father hath sworn;
His promise shall stand.

3 Our nature's releas'd
From sin, death, and hell;
Jehovah is pleas'd
With man for to dwell:
A fit habitation,
In spirit, for God;
A blest, new creation,
Pronounc'd very good.

We mourn not the hour,
That *Adam* did fall,
When his will and pow'r
Was forfeited all;
Nor are we now grieved,
His glory and crown
Could not be retrieved
By works of his own.

It was on this ground,
The myſt'ry of grace
Did much more abound,
When *Jeſus* took place
Of man the offender,
To die as our ſin;
And righteouſneſs render
Compleat and brought in.

By this was made known
God's nature as love;
This we, in his ſon,
Forever ſhall prove.
By means of tranſgreſſion,
This grace was reveal'd:
This is our confeſſion,
A truth God has ſeal'd.

When *Adam* was pure,
Yet mutable he;
In *Jeſus* more ſure,
Immutable we;

More highly exalted
In *Chriſt* the god-man,
Ne'er to be aſſaulted
By *Satan* again.

IX.

Becauſe the fooliſhneſs of God is wiſer than men, and the weakneſs of God ſtronger than men. 1 Cor. i. 25.

1 THY goſpel, dear lamb,
Is ſpirit and life,
Deliv'ring from ſhame,
The bride, thy lov'd wife;
Once loſt, yet thy blood hath
Reſtor'd us again;
God's weakneſs the word ſaith,
Is ſtronger than men.

2 Thy myſteries ſeem
Confuſion to ſpeak;
And in man's eſteem
Thy goſpel is weak;
But mighty thro' blood, 'twill
Deliver us when
The weakneſs of God ſtill
Is ſtronger than men.

3 Thy inſtruments are
But low in degree;

'Tis

'Tis always their care
To glorify thee;
Through blood they are holy,
Whilſt none ſhall condemn:
God's weakneſs moſt truly,
Is ſtronger than men.

4 Tho' rich, thou waſt poor,
Tho' high, thou waſt low
Thou empt'edſt thy ſtore
Salvation to ſhew:
Thine infinite blood, it
Deliver'd us then;
The weakneſs of God, it
Was ſtronger than men:

5 All hail, thou dear man,
The weakneſs of God,
Thy torment and pain,
Thy wounds, and thy blood,
Declare thy ſalvation:
We'll praiſe it again,
The weakneſs of God, it
Is ſtronger than men.

X.

Long Metre.

Bleſſed are the dead which die in the Lord.—Rev. xiv. 13.

1 WITH ſolemn ſhout we ſing thy praiſe,
Ancient of everlaſting days!

Thou daily gather'ſt home thine own,
Who bear thy croſs, to wear thy crown.

2 Let all rejoice, and no one grieve,
This day we meet to take our leave
Of our dear brother's precious duſt,
Until the riſing of the juſt.

3 One with the body of the lamb,
Seal'd with *Emmanuel*'s new name,
A member of his fleſh and bone,
By blood redeem'd, to heav'n he's gone.

4 Whilſt here below, he knew the Lord,
And ſanctify'd in God the word;
In him his ſpirit now ſhall dwell,
A conq'ror over death and hell.

5 See! how he treads the courts above,
The pavements of eternal love,
Wond'ring he kneels, and hails that blood,
Which reconcil'd his heart to God.

6 Hark! how he thunders *Jeſu*'s name,
Before the throne a burning flame:
With the united hoſt he bows,
And no more grief nor trouble knows.

7 Then mourn not o'er the lifeleſs clay,
But wait the reſurrection day,
When *Chriſt* the *Saviour* ſhall appear,
And he come with him in the air.

XI.

Short Metre.

When it pleased God to reveal his son in me, immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood.—Gal. i. 15, 16.

1 WHEN God our Father's pleas'd
For to reveal his son,
Immediately our conscience eas'd
Becomes his peaceful throne.

2 Consult we then no more
Our senses, flesh and blood,
But in the day of heav'nly pow'r
Commence the sons of God.

3 Included all in one,
We now with rapture tell,
We're in the Father's only son,
In whom he's pleased well:

5 This doth our God make known
To mortal worms below:
All other matters we disown,
This only will we know.

5 We leave this world behind,
With all its faith and forms,
And live in the eternal mind,
Free from all hell's alarms.

6 What sense suggests we leave,
With reason's doubtful plan,

And in the ſpirit's power cleave
To *Chriſt* the perfect man.

XII.

The anſwer of a good conſcience towards God, by the reſurrection of Jeſus Chriſt.—Pet. iii. 21.

1 WHAT beauties divine
In *Jeſus* do ſhine!
And yet all I ſee, I, with boldneſs, call mine.

2 With him crucify'd,
When *Jeſus* he dy'd,
My nature was purg'd, and to God purify'd.

3 To me it is plain
When *Jeſus* was ſlain,
Eternal redemption he then did obtain.

4 From bondage and chains,
From ſin and hell-pains,
Redemption of all in one man he obtains.

5 Baptiz'd into him,
Who did me redeem,
His perſon and glories are my conſtant theme.

6 For all of the lamb
I rightfully claim
To reſt in his fulneſs of ſtature I aim.

The

7 The father makes known
What he hath beſtown
On *Chriſt*, and inſtructs me to call it my
own.

XIII.

Long Metre.

Ariſe, ſhine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is riſen upon thee.—Iſa. lx. 1.

1 HERE ſhall no trouble or diſmay
Reach us, nor want, nor ſin, nor ſhame.
For *Chriſt* to-day and yeſterday,
And to eternity's the ſame.

2 Here conſummate in joy and peace,
We hail that wounded, bleeding heart,
Where, ſav'd from ſin, we'll never ceaſe
To praiſe the lamb our better part.

3 Now all things in one period turn;
Sin dares no more to ſhow its head;
No more we want, nor ſigh, nor mourn,
On ev'ry foe we conq'ring tread.

4 The end is come, God hath appear'd,
Aſſum'd our fleſh, and blood, and bone;
The body in his love prepar'd,
Is that where *Chriſt* and we are one.

5 O death! where's now thy ſting and curſe?
Where's now thy boaſted pow'r and might?
We

We feel no more the dread remorse,
Nor can thy terrors us affright.

6 Glory to our incarnate God!
We're sav'd in him, the work is done;
He leads us, by the *Saviour*'s blood
Up to the glories of his throne.

XIV.

Short Metre.

He that spared not his own son, but delivered him up for us all; how shall he not with him freely give us all things? Rom. viii. 32.

1 THE father's holy eye
Beheld his son in blood,
With pleasure infinitely high,
Peculiar to a God.

2 Nor did (when time began)
That work pronounc'd so good,
Appear so pleasing as this man,
Adorn'd with wounds and blood.

3 This sign and token giv'n,
Sufficiently doth prove,
Without another sign from Heav'n,
That God, our father's love.

4 Here all our sin hath ceas'd;
Our joys are here secure;

Our

Our nature from the curſe releas'd,
Thro' *Jeſu*'s death is pure.

5 Then was our Heav'n brought in,
And we were ſav'd from guilt,
When *Chriſt* in character of ſin,
Annihilation felt.

XV.

Common Metre.

In his humiliation his judgment was taken away.—
Acts viii. 3.

1 JESUS, thy beauties I explore!
Who am a helpleſs worm;
Adoring now and evermore
Thy crucified form.

2 When on thy croſs, my deareſt Lord,
What love didſt thou diſplay!
Eternal annals ſhall record
The great uncommon day.

3 Down low, beneath the wrath of heav'n,
Thy troubled ſoul did bow;
Humiliation deeply grav'n
Upon thy bleeding brow.

4 My God! my God! was then thy cry,
Why haſt thou me forſook?
Nature, replying with a ſigh,
In ſtrong convulſions ſhook.

5 More marr'd than any man's thy face,
Thy judgment's took away;
Nor men, nor angels then could trace
Thy myſtery, thy day.

6 Thou didſt, when in the depth of hell,
An awful ſilence keep;
No tongue like thine can ever tell
The horrors of the deep.

7 Strong pains of death encompaſſed thee,
And helliſh pangs were felt,
That thou might'ſt ſet thy children free
From all their ſin and guilt.

8 Tho' *Satan* once did us enſlave
Now thou haſt bruis'd his head;
And in thyſelf didſt fully ſave
Thy lov'd, thy royal ſeed.

9 Hence everlaſting praiſe belongs
To thee our God and King:
Do thou but influence our ſongs
And we will ever ſing.

XVI.

Common Metre.

Who againſt hope believed in hope.—Rom. iv. 18.

1 WHEN I behold my bleeding God,
Each mountain ſeems a plain;

But

But if I e'er forget his blood,
The mountains rise again.

2 What means my inbred sense, so rude,
To war against my peace?
Or why should reason bold intrude
Upon a *Saviour*'s grace?

3 What tho' my senses loudly say,
I have nor faith, nor love;
Nor am I in the living way
That leads to realms above?

4 What, if to increase still my grief,
It summons lust and pride,
Hardness of heart and unbelief,
And all my ills beside:

5 And, from the whole, would witness this,
Thou art devoid of grace:
How canst thou hope, in worlds of bliss,
To see the *Saviour*'s face?

6 To this, the witness of my Lord
(Greater than all in me)
Replies, in his unerring word,
The *Saviour*'s grace is free.

7 The man who works not, but believes
On him who justifies
Ungodly souls, in Christ receives
The life that never dies.

8 Our *Saviour* full atonement made,
When for our ſins he dy'd,
And, when he left death's gloomy ſhade,
Our perſons juſtify'd.

9 Who ſhall condemn? 'twas *Jeſus* dy'd,
'Twas *Jeſus* roſe again;
He with himſelf hath juſtify'd
The ſinful ſons of men.

10 In hope of what in *Chriſt* I am,
Rejoicing, I believe,
Againſt my hopeleſs guilt and ſhame,
And thus, by faith, I live.

XVII.

Long Metre.

We ſhall be like him, for we ſhall ſee him as he is.—
1 John iii. 2.

1 BY grace we know, to us it's clear,
When *Chriſt*, our *Saviour*, ſhall appear,
We ſhall be like him, O what bliſs!
For we ſhall ſee him as he is.

2 When as he is we him deſcry,
In ſpirit's light and myſtery;
Unnumber'd beauties in him ſhine,
Beauties of God and man divine:

3 Beauties of holineſs and grace,
Adorn our *Saviour*'s lovely face;

Eternal

Eternal truth and righteouſneſs
Doth he in purity poſſeſs.

4 When as he is we him do ſee,
From ev'ry ſpot and wrinkle free:
How glorious is the worthy Lamb!
How venerable is his name!

5 But, O! what glorious grace is this!
That when we ſee him as his is,
We ſee ourſelves, and are aſſur'd
That we are like our deareſt Lord.

6 As we his myſtic fulneſs are,
He gives us each a member's ſhare
In all his grace: the favour'd bride
Is with his likeneſs ſatisfy'd.

7 *Jeſus*, enough, we're as thou art!
With this great truth we ne'er will part;
Each member here is as the head,
Each as its Lord is perfected.

8 But yet, as chryſtals pure tranſmit
Their luſtre whence they borrow it:
From thee, O *Chriſt*, we all receive;
To thee we all the glory give.

9 What yet ſhall glorioufly advance
Our joys, is thy pre-eminence;
'Tis heav'n to ſee thee wear the crown,
And proſtrate at thy feet fall down.

XVIII.

Long Metre.

Precious in the ſight of the Lord is the death of his ſaints.—Pſa. cxvi. 15.

1 MOST precious, in our Saviour's ſight,
Are all his ſaints' unnotic'd death!
He bears them to eternal light,
When they reſign their mortal breath.

2 Precious the ſoul by him redeem'd;
From threat'ning evils ſnatch'd away,
Precious their duſt, by him eſteem'd,
He'll raiſe it at the latter day.

3 Free from this world's unnumber'd cares,
From *Satan*'s rage, and human ſpite,
From ſin's diſtreſs and gloomy fears;
How precious this in *Jeſu*'s ſight!

4 From all their labours now they reſt;
Their weary ſouls, with joy and peace,
Lean on their faithful *Abra'm*'s breaſt,
Where all the wicked troublers ceaſe.

5 All this, and more, our brother proves;
Now he the Son of man can ſee;
He ſees, he feels, he joys, he loves,
And all from intermiſſion free.

6 No more, as darkly thro' a glaſs,
His eye-ſight purg'd by *Jeſu*'s blood,

Now

Now clearly sees *Immanuel*'s face,
The bright unclouded face of God!

7 Whilst here below, he knew, in part,
That deep, that boundless, heav'nly theme,
The pow'r of *Jesu*'s blood and smart,
Completely cleansing us in him.

8 Feeling his heart and flesh decay,
He languished beneath thine hand,
In patient longings for the day,
When he should see *Immanuel*'s land

9 Now is the perfect day his own;
No dark'ning vail remains between;
He knows the Lord as he is known,
And sees his myst'ry as he's seen.

XIX.

Common Metre.

If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith vain.—1 Cor. xv. 14.
The Lord is risen indeed.—Luke xxiv. 34.

1 OUR glorious Lord is ris'n indeed!
Death, conquer'd, lost its prize;
The grave surrender'd him with speed,
When he assay'd to rise.

2 In vain the soldiers watch his tomb,
When heav'nly forms appear;

The *Roman* eagle's overcome,
The ſoldiers die with fear.

3 An angel's form before them ſtood;
His face like lightning ſhone;
Commiſſion'd from the Father, God,
To roll away the ſtone.

4 Up roſe the *Saviour* from the dead!
Down all oppoſers fell:
Satan in chains of triumph led,
Trampling on death and hell.

5 To baniſh his diſciples fears,
He prov'd himſelf alive,
By all his wounds and bloody ſcars;
Then did their hearts revive.

6 With them, will we our Lord adore;
For them, and us he dy'd:
He lives, he lives, and dies no more!
Hence we are juſtify'd.

7 Nor is our faith, nor preaching vain;
Nor in our ſins are we;
Since *Chriſt*, our head, is ris'n again;
And, riſing, ſet us free.

8 Who ſhall condemn? lo! *Jeſus* dy'd,
Yea, rather lives for us;
He with himſelf hath crucify'd
Our ſins upon the croſs.

9 Hail, risen *Saviour!* thee we hail,
Who, by Almighty pow'r,
Didst over death and hell prevail;
We bless the glorious hour.

10 High on thy Father *David*'s throne,
Forever live and reign;
'Till by thine own right hand alone,
Thy ev'ry foe be slain.

XX.

Short Metre.

And a man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water, in a dry place; as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land..—Isa. xxxii. 2.

1 O *CHRIST!* O love divine!
How wonderful art thou!
What heav'nly beauties in thee shine!
What mercies from thee flow!

2 Lo! thou art all we need,
To make us truly blest;
Thy worshippers are all agreed,
Thou art the sinner's rest.

3 When blows the stormy wind,
The rage of man or hell,
A hiding-place in thee we find,
Shelter'd in peace we dwell.

4 When

4 When *Satan*, ſin and law,
Do fiercely all unite;
Moſt fearfully on us to draw
A dark, tempeſtuous night.

5 When thunders roar aloud
Thro' the diſtemper'd ſky;
Like lightnings from the ſulph'rous cloud,
When dreadful curſes fly.

6 Deſpairing, guilty fears,
In fiery tempeſts roll,
And when the ſecond death appears
To fright the trembling ſoul.

7 By faith in thee made bold,
We ſmile when tempeſts fall;
Thou art the Man promis'd of old,
To cover us from all.

XXI.

Short Metre.

The ſame.

1 WHILST we are marching thro'
This land with drought accurs'd,
Rivers of living waters flow,
In thee to quench our thirſt.

2 This world's a weary land;
By ſin, a deſart made:

'Tis

'Tis all around a burning ſtrand;
Has no refreſhing ſhade.

3 But thou'rt our mighty Rock;
Thy ſhadow very great!
Where all thy weary pilgrim-flock
Find a divine retreat.

4 Tho' once with ſin oppreſs'd,
From which no part was free;
Our grievances are now redreſs'd,
Dear, glorious Man, in thee.

5 In thee we now have found
Whate'er we loſt, and more;
We ſee thy grace much more abound,
Than ſin had done before.

6 Thy praiſe be our employ;
Thy glories ever ſhine:
All our ſalvation, hope, and joy,
Art thou, O Man divine!

XXII.

Long Metre.

Ye are God's building. 1 Cor. iii. 9.
Builded together for an habitation of God, through the ſpirit,—Eph. ii. 22.

1 WHEN elements and time will fade
(What wiſeſt architects have made)
Mould'ring

Mould'ring to whence it came,
God's building ever ſhall endure,
In all things order'd well and ſure:
Chriſt always is the ſame.

2 When we the inſide work ſurvey,
What grandeur does the whole diſplay!
How glorious ev'ry part!
Earth's beauties all are far too mean
To point out what's in *Jeſus* ſeen,
When he attracts the heart.

3 Foundation, *Chriſt*, and head-ſtone too,
The *Alpha* and *Omega* thou,
Of this the houſe of God:
A lively ſtone, on thee I'm built,
And waſh'd from all my dreadful guilt,
In thine atoning blood.

XXIII.

After preaching.

CHRIST our head's gone up on high,
And we his body are;
All our ſorrows we'll lay by,
And each diſtracting care:
Tho' we *Satan*'s darts may feel,
Yet he can never ſtrike us dead:
He may bruiſe us on the heel,
But cannot reach our head.

XXIV.

The same.

1 HOW charmingly sounds
The word of the Lord!
Where witness abounds,
That man is restor'd
To God, his possession,
Dear *Jesus*, in thee;
From sin and transgression
For ever set free.

2 How glor'ous the name
Of *Jesus* our King!
Thou crucify'd Lamb,
Thine honors we sing:
Our hope and salvation
To world without end;
Our neares relation,
And faithfullest friend.

XXV.

Long metre.

The same.

WHAT blessings in the Lamb abound!
To all who know the joyful sound;
Thy countenance, O Lord, shall shine
On them with brightness all divine.

2 The grievances which them oppreſs'd,
In *Jeſus* now they ſee redreſs'd;
This mercy we thy worms now prove,
And bleſs thy grace, thou God of love.

3 Infinite wiſdom, all our days
Will we admire thy pleaſant ways:
Thy paths are peace; we'll run and bleſs
The Lord our life and righteouſneſs.

XXVI.

Long Metre.

Though I were perfect, yet would I not know my ſoul I would deſpiſe my life.—Job. ix. 21.

1 COULD I of all perfection boaſt,
As pure as that which *Adam* loſt,
I'd ſacrifice it to thy blood,
My *Chriſt*, my all, my only good.

2 Were I as *Abra'm*, ſtrong in faith,
And boldly ſtedfaſt unto death;
I'd bid my faithfulneſs adieu,
And Jeſus only faithful view.

3 If I more meek than *Moſes* were,
Quite free from anger, ſtrife, or fear;
Yet this I gladly would deſpiſe,
And *Jeſu*'s meekneſs only prize.

4 Were I as *Job* ſubmiſſive, ſtill
Patient, reſign'd in ev'ry ill;

Yet all ſhould fade before his croſs ;
Compar'd with *Him*, it is but droſs.

5 If I was wiſe as *Solomon*,
Like him with zeal and ardour ſhone ;
Like him I'd vain and fooliſh ſee
My wiſdom, zeal, yea all but *thee*.

6 Had I an angel's purity,
Yea even this I would deny ;
Nor good confeſs in name or thing,
But *Chriſt* my Lord, my life, my king.

XXVII.

Common metre.

The ſame.

1 HOW pow'rful is the glorious word !
The unctious word of God,
Which preaches *Jeſus Chriſt* our Lord,
His ſuff'rings, death and blood.

2 How it reveals his myſtery !
Who did our ſouls redeem ;
Explains the ſacred unity,
And ſhouts us ſav'd in him.

3 It ſhews us ev'ry law command,
Dear Lamb, fulfill'd in thee ;
And bids us faſt and fearleſs ſtand,
Where thou haſt made us free.

4 Dear,

4 Dear, glorious Lamb, we thee adore;
We praise thee for thy word:
But for thyself we praise thee more,
O! holy, holy Lord.

XXVIII.

Short metre.

The same.

1 BLESS'D are the eyes that see;
The ears are bless'd that hear
The trumpet of the jubilee,
The great sabbatic year.

2 We plough nor sow no more,
Nor toil for living bread;
For we've a never-failing store,
A table plenteous spread.

3 The servant now is free;
The hateful, heavy yoke
(That all might taste true liberty)
From ev'ry neck is broke.

4 Th' inheritance once sold,
Which the poor bankrupt mourns,
To the true owner without gold
Or price, it now returns.

5 O *Jesus!* ever bless'd
Thou art our jubilee;
Our restoration, and our rest,
Is all, dear Lamb, in thee.

5 Thy name, O bleeding King!
Shall dwell on all our tongues;
And ev'ry heart, inſpir'd, ſhall ſing
Thy praiſe in all their ſongs.

7 Worthy the honor'd name
Of *Jeſus Chriſt*, our Lord;
He's God Almighty, and the Lamb,
Eternally ador'd.

XXIX.

Solemn Praiſe.

1 SING the triumphs of your conq'ring
Head and crucified King;
His atchievements, when he vanquiſh'd
All our enemies, we'll ſing:
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, Lord, be thine.

2 Long he ſtruggled, with confuſed
Noiſe, and garments roll'd in blood,
'Till, deſtroying ſin, and hell, and
Death, he reſcu'd man to God:
Hallelujah, &c.

3 Moſt triumphant, greatly glorious,
He from death and hell aroſe;
In him all his church, victorious,
Triumph'd o'er her dreadful foes:
Hallelujah, &c.

4 High aſcending 'midſt angelic
Songs, and ſounds of trumpets loud,
In eternal triumph leading
All the captives of his blood:
Hallelujah, &c.

5 Far above the higheſt heaven
Thus he glorioufly aſcends,
Where the honor's to him given,
Ev'ry thought of man tranſcends:
Hallelujah, &c.

6 There, exalted, live and reign, whilſt
We admire thy wounds and blood,
'Till we ſee thee come again, in
All the pomp and pow'r of God:
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, Lord, be thine.

HYMNS

By JOHN RELLY.

XXX.

MY ſong ſhall be of him who dy'd
Upon the mount of *Calvary*;
His name, his blood, and nought beſide
Shall be my theme eternally.

I view him in his infant form,
Poor, helpleſs, in a manger laid;
To reſcue me, a worthleſs worm,
Th' eternal word my fleſh was made.

At eight days old the *Saviour* bled;
To purge our filth his blood was ſpilt;
Thus all the members, in the head,
Were purg'd from their parental guilt.

A man of ſorrows was my Lord,
Tempted like me in ev'ry point;

That he true ſuccour might afford
To tempted ſouls, who elſe would faint,

5 Deſpis'd and friendleſs was the Lamb,
Abaſed to a low degree,
Refus'd by all with ſcorn and ſhame,
That he our faithful friend might be.

6 Mark how he loves his blood-bought friends!
When in his greateſt agony
He pleads for them, he them defends,
They're as the apple of his eye.

7 For when the multitude came on
To drag him to the curſed tree;
Whom ſeek ye? (ſays the holy one):
If me you ſeek, the children free.

8 When thus accepted, in our ſtead,
Juſtice the ſinner did releaſe;
And for the members ſmote the head,
Chaſtis'd him for our breach of peace.

XXXI.

Long metre.

1 DEAR Shepherd, ſee thy flock here met,
Before thy pierced feet to bow;
To praiſe thy wounds, thy blood and ſweat,
Through which eternal love did flow.

2 Thou art with us where e'er we meet;
Nor wilt thou leave us, holy Lamb:

We find a calm, a bleſt retreat,
Beneath the cov'ring of thy name.

3 Great mercies thou to us haſt ſhewn,
Since firſt we knew that we were thine;
Since firſt thou mark'd us for thy own,
With grace and righteouſneſs divine.

4 Seal'd for thine own we ſurely are;
Thy ſpirit, Lord, our witneſs is:
Nor can we fall from *Jeſus* far,
For he is love and tenderneſs.

5 There's none can pluck us from his hand,
Inclos'd by grace on ev'ry ſide;
His oath, his promiſe firmly ſtand,
We ever ſhall with him abide!

6 He never will himſelf deny;
Nor could he die for man in vain:
How then ſhall God in wrath deſtroy,
The ſouls for whom the Lamb was ſlain?

7 The countleſs price he paid for us,
Exempts us from the iron rod:
His life, his death, his blood and croſs,
Hath reconcil'd us all to God.

XXXII.

Short metre.

1 MY *Saviour* for me bled
Upon the croſs's wood; For

For me, the ſinner me, he ſhed
His rich, atoning blood.

2 For my offences great
He dy'd a curſed death;
And wrought ſalvation out complete
To be enjoy'd by faith.

3 The wine-preſs he did tread,
And, thro' his bleeding ſide,
His ſpirit, in abundance, ſhed
On his beloved bride.

4 Now by his grace I know
That I am one of them,
For whom the *Saviour* dy'd below
Upon the croſs's ſtem.

XXXIII.

Long metre.

1 LET us our hearts and voices raiſe,
To ſound the mighty *Saviour*'s praiſe,
And ſing he dy'd, and lives again
For us the fallen ſons of men.

2 He bare our curſe, our debt he paid,
When all our woes on him were laid;
Our midnight darkneſs chas'd away,
And rais'd us to eternal day.

3 'Tis finiſh'd, ſaith the dying God,
For man, cries all his wounds and blood:
Salvation

Salvation finish'd was for us,
In *Jesus*, bleeding on the cross.

4 He, fainting, felt death's rude divorce,
To put his testament in force;
Wherein to man he did bequeath
The labours of his life and death.

5 Quickly he breaks death's feeble chain,
And to his throne ascends again;
There sits adorn'd with wounds and blood,
And calls us wand'rers home to God.

6 Let all the sons of *Sion* sing
Unwearied praise to *Christ* their King.
He is our *Saviour*, God, and we
Will sound his name eternally.

XXXIV.

Common metre.

1 'TIS not of him that weeps and prays;
The gift of God is free;
'Tis *Jesu's* pray'r, his groans and cries,
That shall accepted be.

'Tis in the Lamb's abasement low,
We are receiv'd of God:
Lo! nothing is there good, we know,
But *Jesus* and his blood.

3 'Tis through his death, and off'ring up
On the accursed wood, That

That we are privileg'd to ſup
With him, our Lord and God.

4 'Tis through the reſurrection pow'r
We live the life of faith:
In his dear body we are more
Than conqu'rors over death.

5 When he aſcended up on high,
Lo! we aſcended then;
He captive led captivity,
Receiving gifts for men.

6 Yea, for rebellious men he ſu'd,
That God with them might dwell;
And when his wounded form he ſhew'd,
The ſpirit on them fell.

7 All praiſe to him our God, our friend,
Who finiſhed all for us:
We bleſs the love which hath no end,
Revealed on the croſs.

XXXV.

Long metre.

1 WHEN firſt I knew my Lord, my God,
'Twas in his deep humility,
His garments roll'd in his own blood;
With eyes of love he look'd on me.

2 Lo! then my fainting heart reviv'd,
When I beheld the *Saviour* ſmile;
'Twas

'Twas then in *Jesus* I believ'd,
And felt the glory of his toil.

3 I nothing had, when my dear Lamb
Did shew me all my sins forgiv'n;
I nothing had but filth and shame,
When first I saw my name in heav'n.

4 Love, bleeding love, first found out me,
And led me by a way unsought;
Love drew me to the bloody tree,
And pointed out my pardon bought;

5 Bought with the *Saviour*'s pains and blood:
Amazing love! what tongue can tell
The glory which I saw in God,
When at his footstool first I fell?

6 Nor angels may declare the bliss
My soul receiv'd, when first I found,
In *Christ*, my strength and righteousness
Exhibited through ev'ry wound.

7 His promise is, He will remain
My dear, my everlasting friend;
He seal'd me this by unknown pain;
Loves, and will love me to the end.

8 Then praise, my soul, thy bleeding King,
Who gives thee all his heart to prove
His matchless grace: forever sing,
The wonders of redeeming love.

XXXVI.

Common Metre.

1 HOW rich the love! my Lord, my God?
For me, a worm hath dy'd;
For me he ſhed his living blood;
I know no God beſide

2 The ſource of all my happineſs
Is his eternal name;
Nor is there ought but dung and droſs
Beſides my deareſt lamb.

3 All things ſhall periſh but the word,
He ſtands forever ſure;
Jeſus forever is the Lord,
Let ev'ry pow'r adore.

4 This word made fleſh in *Bethl'hem* ſeen,
Incarnate was in me;
In me and all the ſons of men,
That he our head might be.

5 Then up unto our head we look,
And bleſs that glorious grace,
Which ſhews us God's eternal book
Unſeal'd in *Jeſu's* face.

XXXVII.

1 TRUEST lover of thy people,
Nought can turn thy heart from me;

In thy death thy poor disciple
Still obtains true liberty,
Thy blest word, and kind behaviour,
Death and torments, wounds and blood,
Still assures me, O my *Saviour*,
That thou art my Lord, my God.

2 From thee I can never wander
Fatally, but shall abide
In that bleeding fountain yonder,
Shelter'd in thy pierc'd side:
There my *Jesus* freely gives me
All the glory he's receiv'd;
As he dy'd, so now he lives me;
This is heav'n, once believ'd.

XXXVIII.

1 COME ye lovers of the Lamb,
Praise the great Almighty name;
To your God your songs begin,
To the Lamb your bleeding king.

2 *Jesus*, thee we honors give;
Live, Almighty *Jesus*, live;
Thou hast penn'd our songs with blood,
Thee we hail, incarnate God.

3 We were laden once with sin,
But the Lamb hath made us clean;

We, who once in darkneſs lay,
Now behold eternal day.

4 Strangers once and far from God,
Now brought home by *Jeſu's* blood,
Shining in our wedding dreſs,
In the Lord, our righteouſneſs.

5 Poor, and low, we once did lie,
Full of wants, and ſore oppreſs'd;
Jeſus now hath rais'd us high,
All our grievances redreſs'd.

6 Deeply ſinking once in hell,
Without hope, and without God;
Now our tongues can greatly tell,
We are ſav'd by *Jeſu's* blood.

7 Freely we are ſav'd by grace,
Heart and hand we this embrace;
This below fills ev'ry tongue
This above is all the ſong.

8 Praiſes ſtill to *Chriſt* we ſing,
Chriſt our prophet, prieſt, and king;
Th' living waters in us flow,
Glory is begun below.

HYMNS

By J. M.

XXXIX.

COME, though we can truly ſing,
In our fleſh dwells no good thing;
Yet on him who gives us all,
We're embolden'd ſtill to call.

Blind and fooliſh once were we,
Chriſt our wiſdom now we ſee;
In this wiſdom we confide,
By this we are juſtified.

Once in breaking God's command,
Doom'd to death beneath his hand;
Now we're call'd to own, and bleſs,
Jeſus Chriſt our righteouſneſs.

Without purity of heart
Truth divine will ſay depart,

But this holineſs we find,
In the Saviour of mankind.

5 Many, mighty are our foes!
Human theſe, Angelic thoſe,
Where for refuge ſhall we flee?
Chriſt our great redemption ſee!

6 Seraphs, flames of ſacred fire,
View this myſtery with deſire;
Hark! the bright enraptur'd throng
Catch, and raiſe the grateful ſong.

7 O ye thrones of heavenly light,
Since you're ſav'd from endleſs night,
And ſince we are rais'd to you,
Let us ſtill the ſong purſue.

XL.

1 WHEN God would prove his love,
To all the ruin'd race,
Deſcending from above,
As full of truth and grace,
He join'd our nature to his own,
And ſav'd us in himſelf alone.

2 The work he well perform'd
In love, he came to do,
The powers of hell he ſtorm'd,
And drove the infernal crew;

O'er

O'er death itſelf victorious roſe,
Triumphing over all our foes.

3 Hail! dear almighty King!
We praiſe thee for thy grace,
Thy victories we ſing
Thou prince of life and peace;
To thee eternal praiſe is due,
Who by thyſelf mad'ſt all things new.

XLI.

1 FATHER behold us here,
According to thy word;
To worſhip without fear,
Our dear redeeming Lord;
O may thy light and truth now ſhine,
To warm each heart with love divine.

2 Drawn, wholly drawn by thee,
To Jeſus we are come;
And by thy teaching we
Perceive our work is done;
Through which a title we obtain
As kings and prieſts with thee to reign.

3 We bleſs thee, God of peace,
For life and glory given,
To us and all the race
Call'd up from earth to heaven;

Haſten, great God, the day of love,
When ev'ry ſoul this grace ſhall prove.

XLII.

Common Metre.

1 MY God, ſince I can call thee mine,
And mine thou ſurely art;
Why ſhould I ever once repine,
In language or in heart.

2 Alas! the cauſe is clearly ſeen,
From whence theſe murm'rings riſe;
My parents ſold me under ſin,
How deep the evil lies!

3 Within my members there's a law
That wars againſt my mind,
Which ſtrives my ſpirit ſtill to draw
From thee, the good and kind.

4 With buffeting my ſoul is ſore,
But this is Satan's part;
The thorn within the fleſh ſtill more,
Inflicts the poignant ſmart.

5 Great God attend thy ſuppliant's pray'r,
Whilſt I for ſuccour call!
And pour into thy ſervant's ear,
The words thou ſpak'ſt to Paul.

5 Then in thy grace secure I'll rest,
'Twill be sufficient found;
'Till caught from earth to heav'n I'm blest,
With life and glory crown'd.

XLIII.

Common Metre.

1 HARK! 'tis the Saviour of mankind
Speaks to his chosen few;
'Tis he who leads the wand'ring blind,
In ways they could not know.

2 'Tis he who says, go forth my friends,
"Proclaim my truth to all;
"Inform each soul my grace extends,
"As wide as Adam's fall.

3 "Tell sinners of the deepest dye,
"That they might life obtain,
"I chose the curs'd death to die,
"And taste infernal pain!

4 "What though my ransom'd may refuse,
"The message to receive;
"And you the messengers abuse,
"Yet still I came to save.

5 "Yea, should the tempter still prevail,
"To blind my people's eyes;
"In my great day I'll rend the vail,
"From all beneath the skies.

6 Then

6 " Then ev'ry eye ſhall ſee the grace,
" You now in faith declare;
" And I myſelf from ev'ry face,
" Will wipe off ev'ry tear."

7 Lord, we believe thy ſacred word,
And wait the glorious day,
When ev'ry ſoul by grace reſtor'd,
Shall walk in wiſdom's way.

HYMNS

By SILAS BALLOU.

XLIV.

Long Metre.

Gen. iii. 14, 15.

GOD, in pronouncing of the curſe
Upon the ſubtle ſerpent's head,
Made a fair promiſe unto us,
Of our redemption from the dead.

Here is a promiſe ſure indeed,
Which our eternal Father made;
For he declar'd the woman's ſeed
Should bruiſe the curſed ſerpent's head.

This ſeed is God's immortal Son,
In whom his promiſes were made,
And he this noble work hath done,
And rais'd the nations from the dead

6 Here is the Father's first display
Of our salvation from the dead,
And of the glorious gospel day,
Which breaks the vicious serpent's head.

XLV.

Long Metre.

God's *promise to* Abraham *repeated unto* Isaac, *and again unto* Jacob. Gen. xii. 3. Gen. xxii. 18. Gen. xxvi. 4. Gen. xxviii. 14.

1 BEHOLD to what a vast extense,
The promise of salvation runs;
Made firm in *Christ*, a sure defence,
For *Adam* and his num'rous sons.

2 How oft did God, by *Gabriel*'s tongue,
Repeat the promise of his grace,
Life and salvation sure and strong,
Built matchless round the human race.

3 Thus God to *Abram* first express'd,
And by a sacred oath replies,
"In thee shall all the earth be bless'd,
"With all her num'rous families."

4 *Isaac*, and in thy seed shall all
The nations which are flesh and blood,
Be blest for *Abram*'s sake they shall
For *Abram*'s sake, a type of God."

5 Thus

5 Thus God's immortal tongue replies,
" *Jacob*, in thee and in thy seed,
" Shall all the human families,
" Of the whole earth be bleſs'd indeed."

6 This promis'd ſeed is *Chriſt* the Lord,
Who left the realms of high renown;
Fulfil'd his heav'nly Father's word,
And brought immortal bleſſings down.

XLVI.

Long Metre.

The eternal and immortal love of Chriſt *to the church.*
Iſa. xlix. 15, 16.

1 HIGH on a throne, forever crown'd,
Jeſus our conſtant lover reigns;
His love extends the globe around,
And everlaſtingly remains.

2 The raging ſeas may ceaſe to roar;
The earth and ſkies they may remove;
The ſun may ſet, and riſe no more;
But *Chriſt* can never ceaſe to love!

3 A mother may forſake her child,
Forget the babe and prove unkind;
But we can never be exil'd
From *Chriſt*, our lover's tender mind.

4 Fair, on the palms of both his hands,
Our glorious image ſhall be found

'Graven

'Graven, where ſure ſalvation ſtands;
Where matchleſs walls are built around.

5 Nothing ſhall cauſe his hand to break
His promiſes, or ſacred vows;
Nor cauſe this lover to forſake
His infinite beloved ſpouſe.

XLVII.

Long Metre.

The office of Chriſt *foretold.* Iſa. lxi. 1, 2, 3.

1 THE Spirit of the mighty Lord,
Saith the Redeemer, is on me,
And I am come to preach the word
Of everlaſting liberty.

2 I come to miniſter to thee,
Anointed by the Holy Ghoſt;
My Father he commiſſion'd me
To ſeek and ſave that which was loſt.

3 I came to take my people's part,
And break the bonds of ſlavery,
And bind up ev'ry broken heart,
And give the nations liberty:

4 And open all the priſon doors,
And free the captives which are bound;
Put heav'nly balſam to their ſores,
And cleanſe and heal up ev'ry wound.

5 As they might all be called trees
Of righteouſneſs, on ev'ry ſide,
That th' God of heav'n and earth and ſeas,
Might be forever glorified.

XLVIII.

Short Metre.

The birth of Chriſt. Luke ii. 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 13, 14.

1 SHALL mortal tongues be dumb
While bleſſings crown the morn?
The Virgin's hour is fully come,
Jeſus our God is born.

2 In what immortal ſtrains,
Did angels ſing aloud;
Thouſands deſcended down the plains,
And *Gabriel* led the croud.

3 O! ſhall I hold my breath:
Shall ſilence bind my tongue,
If angel's ſang the Saviour's birth,
And *Gabriel* tun'd the ſong?

4 The ſhepherds greatly fear'd
At this amazing ſight;
The glory of the Lord appear'd
In beams of heav'nly light,

5 The ſhepherds heard a voice,
" Fear not, I bring this day
" Tidings of univerſal joys,
" That never ſhall decay:

6 " For unto you, this morn,"
Said *Gabriel*'s peaceful tongue,
" A Saviour, *Chriſt* the Lord is born,
" Eternal, ſure and ſtrong.

7 " And this a ſign ſhall be
" To you," the angel ſaid,
" Go, ſeek the child, and you ſhall ſee
" Him in a manger laid."

8 And ſoon with *Gabriel* were
A grand angelic throng;
Bright cherubs join'd in muſic there,
And ſeraphs join'd the ſong.

9 Glory to God, and then
Peace upon earth, they ſung;
Salvation and good will to men,
Echo'd from ev'ry tongue.

XLIX.

Long Metre.

Christ *the bread of life.* John vi. 33, 35, 50, 51.

I am the bread of life," he said,
" And he that makes my name his truſt,
hall hunger not for want of bread,
Nor feel the pains of ſcorching thirſt."

From God's eternal boundleſs ſtore,
This bread of life and pleaſures came,
reely beſtow'd upon the poor;
They never die who eat the ſame,

" I am the bread, the living bread,
" Which God my heavenly Father gives;
And he that eats, tho' he be dead,
" His ſoul revives again and lives.

His fleſh by faith is meat divine,
It feeds the ſoul, but never cloys;
His blood is like reviving wine,
Which all the parching thirſt deſtroys.

LI.

Short Metre.

Man's redemption, according to the scriptures.

1 THE Son for us was bound,
And to complete the plan.
At the appointed time was found
In fashion as a man.

2 And of a woman made,
Under the law he came,
For to redeem those that were said
To be beneath the same.

3 In order to fulfil
The work which he design'd,
And his eternal Father's will,
His soul to death resign'd.

4 Awake my lawful sword,
Strict justice gave command,
And smite my fellow saith the Lord,
The man of my right hand.

5 It pleas'd the mighty God
To bruise his righteous Son;
To sacrifice his vital blood
For follies we had done.

6 The expiating Lamb
Did for the sinner stand;

On

On him the law laid all its claim;
He paid its full demand.

8 He paid all lawful claims,
For he was Head of all;
He anſwer'd for the num'rous names
Condem'd in *Adam*'s fall.

9 "'Tis finiſh'd," he reply'd,
When he the work had done;
He bow'd his head to death and dy'd,
And darkneſs veil'd the ſun.

10 Thus he fulfill'd the plan
Which he engaged in;
He taſted death for ev'ry man,
Aton'd for ev'ry ſin.

11 When *Jeſus* bow'd his head
To darkneſs death and woes,
Then all the human race were dead,
And all in him aroſe:

12 For by one man's offence,
All were condemn'd and dy'd;
So by one man's obedience,
All men were juſtify'd.

13 Jeſus was rais'd to reign
At the right hand of pow'r;
To never taſte of death again,
And we can die no more.

14 The Father by his *Chriſt*,
Gave unto every one
Eternal life. which is compris'd
In his eternal ſon.

15 If *Jeſus* ſtands ſecure,
The total ſum is thus:
We are as ſafe as he is ſure,
For he's the life of us.

LI.

Long Metre.

1 Pet. ii. 6. Matt. xvi. 18.

1 *CHRIST* is the corner and the head,
The chief and ſure foundation ſtone,
Which God himſelf in Sion laid,
To build his houſe or church upon.

2 *Chriſt* builds his church firm on the rock,
And he's the rock that will endure;
If hell ſhould rage, and earth ſhould ſhock,
The rock is ſafe, the church ſecure.

3 This ſure foundation cannot fail;
Satan cannot this church devour;
Nor hell againſt his church prevail,
For her defence is matchleſs pow'r.

4 What reaſon have the ſouls to fear,
Who view their ſtanding ſo ſecure

From

From ev'ry harm and danger clear;
Firm on the rock of ages sure.

Tho' rain descends and winds they blow,
And billows raise and beat around;
This church they ne'er can overthrow,
Nor start the rock or solid ground.

Such views as these revive my heart,
And stay the wand'ring of desire;
Make all my slavish fears depart,
And ev'ry doubtful thought expire.

LII.

Long Metre.

What Christ *hath done is the Foundation for our Faith*

THE only cure for slavish grief,
Is faith in God's eternal son:
The only ground for our belief,
Is what the mighty God has done.

If he hath not redeemed all;
Then those for whom he did not die,
If they believe on him at all,
They surely will believe a lie.

If there be some he never freed,
And they indeed believe the same,
Then they believe the truth indeed,
And now wherein are they blame.

4 If *Jesus* dy'd but for a part;
If those for whom he spilt his blood
Believe the same with all their heart,
Their faith is solid, true and good.

5 If God did reprobate a part,
I boldly testify to you,
If they believe it in their heart,
Their faith is good, because tis true.

6 If this be true, I ask of you,
And for an answer here I wait,
Which party hath the truest faith:
The chosen or the reprobate?

LIII.

Common Metre.

Rom. xv. 10, 11.

ARISE and laud the reigning lamb,
Now all ye earth around;
And bless the glorious, great I AM,
With a rejoicing sound.

2 Lift up your songs to him that reigns
In glory and with might;
Beyond the fair angelic plains,
High on a mount of light.

3 Let all the earth adore his name,
And all conspire to crown

The sov'reign king, the reigning lamb,
The God of high renown.

4 Ye nations all commend his love,
That dwell on earth beneath;
While angels tune their notes above,
And saints their odours breathe.

5 While they with pleasure raise their songs,
And magnify his name;
Let us employ our feeble tongues
To imitate the same.

6 Altho' we dwell in tents of clay,
The day it rolls along;
When we shall soar as high as they,
And sing as sweet a song.

LIV.

Short Metre.

Matth. xviii. 20.

1 O SHALL we pine away,
And languish now with fear:
Because there is but few to-day
That's met together here?

2 Let us be not afraid,
Altho' we are but few,
For *Jesus* hath a promise made,
Who faithful is, and true.

Where

Where two or three are met,
In mine eternal name,
There doth my ſacred ſpirit ſit,
There in the midſt I am.

4 For if we meet in love
To ſerve the living Lord,
We have the pure aſſiſting Dove,
According to his word.

LV.

Long Metre.

1 Theſſ. iv. 8. Luke x. 16.

1 BOLD is the man, who dares to curſe
One ſoul, here on this earthly ball,
Since *Jeſus* dy'd and roſe for us,
In whom God juſtify'd us all.

2 He that condemns one ſoul on earth,
He doth condemn the Lord's elect;
He doth condemn himſelf to death,
And doth the ſon of God reject.

3 Since *Jeſus Chriſt* contains the whole,
In whom all nations are one;
He that condems one ſingle ſoul;
Condemn *Jehovah's* righteous ſon.

4 The man that doth one ſoul deſpiſe,
Rejecteth God, and *Chriſt* his lamb;

The

The Lord afresh he crucifies,
And puts him to an open shame.

5 *Christ* is our head, we join to him,
In such a perfect unity,
That if we harm the smallest limb,
We do the whole an injury.

6 With *Christ* we all were crucify'd,
With *Jesus Christ* we rose again,
And in him we are justify'd,
And with him we shall live and reign.

LVI.

Long Metre.

The Union of Christ *and his Church.* 1 Cor. xi. 3. Cor. xii. 12.

1 CHRIST and his Church so closely join,
There can be no separation made:
In matchless union they combine,
Firm as a body joins an head.

2 If there was separation made,
In truth I boldly testify,
To part the body from the head,
The head and body both must die.

3 To part one member from the head,
Then *Christ* imperfect would be found;

The

The sep'rate member, lost and dead,
And *Christ* must bear the loss and wound.

4 *Christ* is the head of ev'ry one,
To whom his members fitly join;
Not all the pow'rs beneath the sun,
Can break a union so divine.

5 Therefore this union is secure,
As long as *Jesus* stands complete;
To endless ages he'll endure,
A perfect man from head to feet.

LVII.

Common Metre.

The Fruits and Benefit of Faith.

1 FAITH is a grace of God, design'd
To manifest our peace;
T'is faith that frees the slavish mind,
And gives the conscience ease.

2 This faith it always works by love;
And purifies the heart;
It bids our slavish fears remove,
And they in haste depart.

3 The fruit of faith is perfect love,
And love it casteth out
Tormenting fears, and they remove,
With each expiring doubt.

This

4 This faith it doth the heart defend
From fears that would abound;
It shews salvation doth extend
The spacious earth around.

5 It shews that God respecteth none,
And we can merit nought;
It shews that *Jesus Christ* alone
Hath our salvation wrought.

LVIII.

Common Metre.

1 Thess. v. 9.

1 NOT unto wrath did God ordain
The soul of any one;
Not unto wrath, but to obtain
Salvation through his son.

2 If this is what he first design'd,
He still designs the plan;
For nothing ever chang'd his mind,
And there is nothing can.

3 If he's a God that changes not,
Then we are all secure;
If none can change his ancient thought,
We have salvation sure.

4 The Father chose us in his Son,
To an eternal rest;

And wrote the names of ev'ry one
On his immortal breaſt.

5 If God appointed us to have
Salvation in his Son;
As ſure as he had power to ſave,
So ſure the work is done.

6 Rejoice ye nations of the earth,
Eternal life is ours;
In ſpite of hell, or grave, or death,
And all infernal pow'rs.

LIX.

Common metre.

Eph. ii. 9.

1 DID not ſalvation ſtand by grace,
O! what a raging boaſt
Would riſe among the human race,
In which had done the moſt.

2 Each calls himſelf the moſt complete,
Moſt holy and the beſt,
And fight like heroes for the ſeat
That gave the ſweeteſt reſt.

3 And thus the ſtrongeſt man would get
The beſt and nobleſt ſeat;
And all the feebler ſouls muſt ſit
Beneath the noble's feet.

4 Sup-

4 Suppoſing this to be the caſe,
Debates would never ceaſe,
And heav'n would be a jangling place,
And not a place of peace.

5 But O! by grace ſalvation ſtands
Through God the Holy Ghoſt;
And not by works of mortal hands,
Leſt any man ſhould boaſt.

LX.

Short Metre.

Chriſt *our High-Prieſt entered in the holieſt of all.*—Heb. ix. 12—24.

1 NATIONS, unite your ſongs,
Conſpire in praiſe to crown
Jeſus the prieſt, to whom belongs
All glory and renown.

2 While we were dead in ſin,
He left his Father's throne;
Being to us ſo near akin,
His blood could well atone.

3 He came to our relief;
He rais'd us up from woe;
Aſſuag'd the ſwelling ſeas of grief,
And laid the mountains low.

4 He bruis'd the ſerpent's head,
Defeated all his plan;
Made null his baſe agreement, made
With ev'ry mortal man.

5 He waſh'd us in his blood
'Till we were purify'd:
Then he aſcended to his God,
There to preſent his bride.

6 All nations of the globe
Stand in a perfect dreſs,
Before the Father in the robe
Of *Chriſt*'s own righteouſneſs.

LXI.

Long metre.

For the meditation of thoſe who ſay, "If they believed that God *would ſave all men, they would go on and do all the evil they could."*

1 TO you that make a ſhameful brawl,
Saying, "If I believed ſo,
"That *Jeſus Chriſt* would ſave us all,
"My feet ſhould ſwift to evil go."

2 Does faith entice a man to ſin?
Does love create an evil mind?
Does purity make him unclean,
Or charity make him unkind?

3 It never did, nor never ſhall,
For well I know it never can,
And you may read the ſcriptures all,
And ev'ry page denies the plan.

4 'Tis faith that makes him ceaſe from ſin;
'Tis love that makes a quiet mind;
'Tis purity that makes him clean,
And charity that makes him kind.

5 And he that doth true faith poſſeſs,
All theſe his heart doth entertain:
Therefore thy words are fooliſhneſs,
And all ſuch arguments are vain.

LXII.

Common metre.

Another.

1 OH! ſhall we treat the *Saviour* thus?
Shall we run on in vice,
Becauſe he hath redeemed us
From death to Paradiſe?

2 He lov'd our ſouls ſo dearly well,
He freely bore the curſe,
And travel'd through the loweſt hell,
And ſpilt his ſoul for us.

3 And ſhall we thus unthankful prove?
Shall we put him to ſhame?

Shall we despise his wond'rous love,
And trample on his name?

4 His vital streams of precious blood
Did for our sins atone;
The wine-press of the wrath of God
He trod for us alone.

5 Shall we blaspheme his name for this?
Shall we the Lord disown,
And mock at all his kindnesses,
And tender mercies shown?

6 Are these the fruits of true belief
In God's eternal Son,
That curse the arm that gives relief,
And mock at all he's done?

LXIII.

Long Metre.

Mat. xix. 26—John vi. 4.

1 HOW can a man, bound fast in chains
Of gloomy darkness, fear and pains,
Break out and come unto the light,
When over-match'd by *Satan*'s might?

2 None but the arm of sov'reign grace,
Or beamings of the gospel rays;
Or virtue of the gospel day,
Can take the gloomy vail away.

3 Soon as the light ſhines in our hearts,
The chains are broke, the vail departs;
There's nothing elſe that can expel
The darkneſs and the troops of hell.

4 No man comes to the Son of God
To know the merits of his blood,
But what the Father, pure and ſtrong,
Unvails their hearts, and draws along.

5 'Tis by the pure immortal Dove
Of heav'ly light and matchleſs love;
The flames of love and heav'nly light
Conſumes all darkneſs, wrath and ſpite.

LXIV.

Common Metre.

The vanity of men, undertaking to make proſelytes.—Mat. xxiii, 15. Luke xi. 39. 1 Cor. iii. 15.

1 SEE the proud Phariſees conſpire
With zeal and ſelfiſh might;
See how they labour, ſweat and tire
To make a proſelyte:

2 When they pronounce him finiſh'd well,
Each part completely fair;
He's twice as much the child of hell
As his converters are:

3 They waſh the outſide white and clean;
But never cleanſe the heart,

Nor

Nor yield him peace, nor love within,
For that's beyond their art.

4 They ſhut the kingdom up, alas!
Againſt the race of man;
They ſuffer not themſelves to paſs,
And hinder all they can.

5 Woe to ye! baſe, diſſembling train;
To ev'ry whited wall;
For God will prove your projects vain,
And diſannul them all.

6 They ſhall be try'd by heav'nly fire,
And ye muſt ſuffer loſs;
Yourſelves be ſav'd, your works expire,
And ye be cleans'd from droſs.

LXV.

Long Metre.

We are comely, through the comelineſs of Chriſt.

1 GOD is a ſpirit, juſt and wiſe,
Unchanging love, for ever true;
Jeſus is comely in his eyes,
And we in him are comely too.

2 God views our ſouls completely fair
In *Jeſus*, his all-righteous ſon,
As he is holy, ſo we are,
But not by works which we have done.

3 Nothing could pleaſe the righteous God,
But what was done by *Chriſt*, his Lamb;
No off'ring but his precious blood,
Could take away our guilt and ſhame.

4 The Father, God, accepteth none,
But the juſt deeds his Chriſt hath done;
No off'ring could for ſins atone,
But the one off'ring of his Son.

5 When *Jeſus* bow'd his lovely head,
He for the ſons of *Adam* dy'd;
And when he roſe up from the dead,
All ſouls in him were juſtify'd.

LXVI.

Iſa. lii. 7.—Gen. xlix. 10.—John viii. 56.—
Lev. xxv. 9. &c.

1 HOW beautiful thoſe,
With feet and with ſhoes,
Who bring us glad tidings
Of endleſs repoſe.

2 How beautiful theſe,
On mountains of eaſe,
Promulgating tidings
Of infinite peace.

3 How fair are their feet;
Their tidings how ſweet;

Salvation

Salvation through *Jesus*,
A Saviour complete.

4 The Patriarchs, they
By faith did survey
The coming of *Shiloh*,
And long'd for the day.

5 The monarchs and seers,
They saw the glad years;
They spake of the Jubilee,
And now it appears.

6 Through *Christ*, we proclaim
Salvation and fame
From death and damnation,
Hell, sorrow, and shame.

7 *Christ Jesus*, is our
Safe rock, and strong tow'r,
In spite of the Devil,
And all hellish pow'r.

8 Their tidings accord,
Who bring the glad word;
Beseeching the nations
To trust in the Lord.

9 Now these are the train
Whom God did ordain
To publish the Gospel
Of him that was slain.

10 They preach him once ſlain,
And riſen again,
For juſtification
Of *Adam*'s whole train.

11 They boldly proclaim
Through *Jeſus*, the Lamb,
Eternal redemption,
And no other name.

LXVII.

Long Metre.

The abſurdity in calling all men to come to Chriſt, *if he hath not given himſelf a ranſom for all*, &c.

1 AS well the ſons of *Adam* may
Deny a univerſal fall,
And lie no worſe, than if they ſay,
"*Chriſt* dy'd for part, and not for all."

2 The chief or all will teſtify,
That we were all in *Adam* ſlain,
And yet there's thouſands that deny,
That *Chriſt* reſtor'd the loſs again.

3 They ſay he never dy'd for all,
He dy'd for part, and not for ſome;
And yet with lifted hands they call,
Saying, "Come all to *Jeſus*, come."

4 If *Jeſus* died not for ſome,
How vain and how abſurd it is

To cry, " Come all to *Jesus*, come,"
If there be some that's none of his.

5 This is a base ignoble scheme!
A piece of grand absurdity,
And he that dwells upon the theme,
His mouth is fill'd with mockery.

6 How false and stupid is their plan,
Since *Christ* was crucify'd and slain,
And tasted death for ev'ry man,
And ransom'd the whole earth again.

LXVIII.

Common Metre.

God's *omnipotence, and man's infirmity*, &c.

1 THE God that walks the starry hills,
And travels o'er the seas;
Rules the creation as he wills,
And all his ways are peace.

2 He arch'd the skies, and form'd the lands,
And seas, and ev'ry thing
Are held up, by the sov'reign hands
Of the Almighty King.

3 When the eternal Sov'reign speaks,
The mountains they are hurl'd;
The flinty rocks his thunder breaks,
And shakes the spacious world.

4 The earth is as a grain of ſand;
So are the ſwelling ſeas;
Held in the hollow of his hand,
He rules them as he pleaſe.

5 'Twas he that ſpread the heav'ns abroad;
He metes them with a ſpan;
He is the Omnipotent God,
Then where's the pow'r of man?

6 Man can't create one living thing,
Nor form one vital breath;
The dead to life he cannot bring,
Nor ſave himſelf from death.

7 Yet ſome they vainly talk and tell
How they muſt ſtrive and run,
Or elſe they can't eſcape from hell
By all that *Chriſt* has done.

8 Thus they deny the Lord, that bought
Them with his vital blood;
Thus they by antichriſt are taught,
But cannot change our God.

LXIX.

Advice to youth, &c.

1 WHILE in your blooming days,
Brave youth, active and fair;
Forſake your evil ways,
And walk no longer there;

But ſerve the Lord
With ſweet accord,
And truſt in his
Eternal word.

2 Oh! leave your vain delights,
Come leave your baſe employs,
For *Jeſus* now invites
You, with a charming voice;
"O come," (ſays he)
"Come, taſte and ſee
"How fair and ſweet
"My favours be."

3 I have a ſtrong deſire
To ſee the riſing youth,
From evil ways retire,
And learn the ways of truth:
Unfold thy rays
Sweet God of grace,
Teach them to walk
In wiſdom's ways.

4 Throughout this earth around
Great God inſpire their tongues;
I long to hear the ſound
Of univerſal ſongs;
By ev'ry tongue
Both old and young,
I long to hear
Hoſannas ſung.

LXX.

Long Metre.

Our believing a truth does not create a truth, nor make a truth any truer.

1 IF there was not a *Chriſt* for me
'Till I believ'd in ſuch a name,
Then my belief muſt ſurely be
The ſole creator of the Lamb.

2 But if there was a *Chriſt* for me,
Ere I believ'd in ſuch a name,
Then faith creates him not, I ſee,
But gives me knowledge of the ſame.

3 If faith creates the great I AM,
What if we caſt our faith away,
It muſt annihilate the Lamb,
That holds up heav'n, and earth, and ſeas.

4 If *Chriſt* pays not a ranſom dear,
'Till the believing of his bride,
Then our belief muſt be the ſpear,
And often pierce his tender ſide.

5 But if he paid a ranſom dear,
Ere our believing minutes came,
Then unbelief muſt be the ſpear,
And faith gives knowledge of the ſame.

6 If *Chriſt* pays not a ranſom dear,
'Till we by faith the ſame percieve,

Then he must die and suffer here,
As oft as diff'rent men believe.

7 If there was not a *Christ* for you,
Oh! man, 'till your believing hour,
Then your belief hath made that true,
Which was untrue, or false before.

LXXI.

Long Metre.

The soul calling on itself to behold the mercy of God, *and the love of* Christ *in suffering for sins*, &c.

1 ARISE my soul, sing and proclaim,
The wond'rous mercies of thy God;
Thy sure salvation through the Lamb,
Thine endless ransom through his blood.

2 My heart awake, my tongue prepare,
And all my faculties agree;
Arise my soul, sing and declare
The wond'rous love he bears to thee

3 Lift up thine eyes, my soul, and see
His dying groans, his bleeding veins,
His active limbs nail'd to the tree;
His bloody sweat and awful pains.

4 Now let my soul take a survey,
How he pour'd out his vital blood,
And wash'd thy filthy guilt away,
And sunk the hills beneath the flood.

5 He

5 He wash'd away thy filthy stain;
He bore thy sins, my soul, for thee;
He dy'd and rose, and rais'd again
Thy fallen state of misery.

6 Now he has rais'd my soul again
From the dark regions of the dead;
From bondage, darkness, fear and pain,
And treach'rous snares which Satan laid.

7 Not I alone, for yet I see
In *Christ* our head, the glorious Lamb,
Our Father's whole posterity,
Blest with the blessing that I am.

8 Blest with redemption, strong and sure,
Tho' 'tis to many yet unknown;
Yet there they stand firm and secure,
Firm as our heav'nly Father's throne.

LXXII.

Common Metre.

Job xxxv. 7, 8.

1 GOOD works that have their proper place,
Are not to be despis'd;
But works that stand instead of grace,
Oppose the blood of *Christ*.

2 Our goodness can't extend to God,
Who can we profit then?

Why we may do his creatures good,
Or help the ſons of men.

3 Herein we may the Lord adore
In works of righteouſneſs;
Viſit the ſick, relieve the poor,
And feed the fatherleſs.

4 Let not our feet attempt to go,
And charge the Lord for this,
'Tis but the ſervice that we owe,
And reaſonable 'tis.

5 Give ev'ry work its proper ground,
For they muſt all expire,
That's in the place of *Jeſus* found,
And burnt with heav'nly fire.

LXXIII.

Short Metre.

1 Tim. i. 15. Matt. ix. 12. Rom. xi. 32.

1 ALAS! why ſhould I be
So vain as to condemn
The vileſt ſinners that I ſee,
Since I am one of them.

2 For ſuch the Son of God,
For ſuch was crucify'd,
For ſuch alone he ſpilt his blood,
For none but ſuch he dy'd.

3 The whole they needed not
Any phyſician ſure,
But *Jeſus Chriſt* for ſinners wrought
An everlaſting cure.

4 God did conclude the whole
In ſin through *Adam*'s fall,
That his almighty arm might roll
His mercy over all.

5 This is a faithful word,
Worthy of our belief,
" For ſinners dy'd the bleſſed Lord,
" Of whom I now am chief."

6 Could ev'ry creature ſee
Themſelves the chiefeſt, then
There would not be one Phariſee
Amongſt the ſons of men.

7 I hate the word, " ſtand by,
" And come not nigh me now,
" Thou art a publican, and I
Am holier than thou."

8 How apt we mortals are
To count ourſelves the beſt;
This tempts the ſimple to deſpair,
And breaks their preſent reſt.

LXXIV.

Common Metre.

Adam *the figure of* Christ, *or the equality of the type, and the antitype.*

1 IF he a type of *Christ* was made,
'Tis reason to suppose,
Wide as the condemnation spread,
The blood of *Jesus* flows.

2 A perfect vessel, and its mold,
How jointly they agree;
The type and antitype they hold,
As full equality.

3 'Tis stupid folly, to pretend
He was a type of him,
Except the ransom doth extend
To ev'ry human limb.

4 *Adam*, the type whom Satan hurl'd,
Contained all our host;
The antitype redeem'd the world,
And sav'd that which was lost.

LXXV.

Common Metre.

John iii. 3.—Eph. ii. 14.

1 HAD not a man been born again,
Where should we all have been,

The kingdom of eternal reign
Our eyes had never seen.

2 Betwixt the Gentile and the Jew,
There's no partition-wall,
And both are equal members too
Of *Christ*, the head of all.

3 If *Christ* our head, was born again
From the dark womb of death,
And we yet still unborn remain,
He had but half a birth.

4 If *Christ* sep'rate from us did rise,
It truly may be said,
That he without a body lies,
And we without a head.

5 But *Christ*, the whole creation's head,
Was born again from death,
His resurrection from the dead,
Was ev'ry member's birth.

6 When great *Jehovah* rais'd his Son,
His angel did pronounce,
Both Jew and Gentile to be one,
A nation born at once.

7 Many may marvel much at this,
As *Nicodemus* did;
But so the church's union is
To their eternal Head.

LXXVI.

Common Metre.

The human affinity of Christ *and the people.*

1 THUS saith the first elect of God,
(The holy just and true)
" In ev'ry human nation's blood,
" My garments I'll imbrue."

2 Our heav'nly Father sent his Son
To suffer in our stead;
Not with an angel's nature on,
But dress'd in *Abram*'s seed.

3 Eternal Wisdom drew the plan,
As he might bear our sin;
Made him in fashion as a man,
To ev'ry man akin.

4 When he was nail'd fast to the wood,
Out of his human side
Ran streams akin to all our blood,
And all his garments dy'd.

5 When he the Prophet, Priest, and Son,
On earth took his abode,
He put the sinful people on,
And bore the painful load.

6 *Jesus* was made the people's head,
Akin to ev'ry limb,

And

And then the law in juſtice laid
Its whole demands on him.

LXXVII.

Common Metre.

Pſalm xlvi. 4.

1 HOW wholeſome are the ſtreams that roll
From the redeeming Lamb;
What peace and comfort to the ſoul,
That feels and taſtes the ſame.

2 This heals the ſick, confirms the ſad,
Their fears and doubts expel;
'Tis this that makes the city glad,
Where God delights to dwell.

3 This will give ears unto the deaf,
And eyes unto the blind;
This will aſſuage the ſeas of grief,
The ſorrows of the mind.

4 This will confirm the feeble knees,
And make the dumb to ſing
Hoſanna to the Prince of peace,
The whole creation's King.

LXXVIII.

Long Metre.

Awake, put on courage, in hope of eternal glory.

1 AWAKE now ev'ry drowsy mind,
Bid ev'ry doubtful thought be gone;
Cast ev'ry wand'ring thought behind,
And put undaunted courage on.

2 See how the years they roll away;
Dear saints the day will soon appear,
When we shall leave these tents of clay,
And fly from each distracting care.

3 Adieu to all these mortal things,
To all these trifling earthly toys,
Fly up the hills on heav'nly wings;
The hills of everlasting joys.

4 To dwell with *Christ*, our heav'nly King,
The round of one eternal day,
And hear the notes that angels sing,
And sing as fair a note as they.

5 No more to grieve, no more to sigh;
No more a mournful face appear;
From ev'ry face and mourning eye,
Jesus will wipe off ev'ry tear.

6 Through all the shining courts of fame,
Perpetual streams of pleasure glide

From

From the rich fountain of the Lamb;
What can we aſk or wiſh beſide?

7 There we ſhall ſee him face to face,
Forever ſmiling on his queen,
And we, the fav'rites of his grace,
Shall drink immortal pleaſures in.

HYMNS

FROM ELHANAN WINCHESTER'S COLLECTION.

LXXIX.

Long Metre.

1 DID our *Immanuel* die for us,
To ſave ſuch poor rebellious men?
Did he diſplay his pity thus,
That we might come to God again?

2 All human language wants a name,
For this unfathom'd wond'rous love:
This pure immortal fervent flame,
Sprang *only* from the God above.

3 What can we add? our ſpeech is faint;
We ſink beneath the pond'rous load:
This love no eloquence can paint;
'Tis grand! 'tis worthy of a God!

4 O'erwhelm'd with this abyſs of love,
We ſtand aſtoniſh'd at the grace,

That

That brought the *Saviour* from above,
To die for all the fallen race!

5 Did our *Immanuel* die for us!
What more can be by sounds expreſt?
For ſinners *Chriſt* was made a curſe;
Eternity muſt tell the reſt.

LXXX.

Common Metre.

1 WHILE ſhepherds watch'd their flocks by night
All ſeated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory ſhone around.

2 "Fear not," ſaid he (for mighty dread
Had ſeiz'd their troubled mind:)
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
"To you, and all mankind.

3 "To you in *David*'s town, this day
"Is born of *David*'s line,
"A *Saviour*, who is *Chriſt* the Lord,
"And this ſhall be the ſign;

4 "The heav'nly babe ye there ſhall find
"To human view diſplay'd,
"All meanly wrapt in ſwathing bands,
"And in a manger laid."

5 Thus ſpake the ſeraph; and forthwith
Appear'd a ſhining throng
Of angels praiſing God, and thus
Addreſs'd their heav'nly ſong;

6 "All glory be to God on high;
"And on the earth be peace;
"Good will, henceforth, from heav'n to man
"Begin and never ceaſe."

LXXXI.

Common Metre.

The name of Jeſus.

1 HOW ſweet the name of Jeſus ſounds
In a believer's ear?
It ſooths his ſorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded ſpirit whole,
And calms the troubled breaſt;
'Tis manna to the hungry ſoul,
And to the weary reſt.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My ſhield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treas'ry fill'd
With boundleſs ſtores of grace.

4 By thee my pray'rs acceptance gain,
Altho' with ſin defil'd;

Satan

Satan accuſes me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.

5 *Jeſus!* my ſhepherd, huſband, friend,
My prophet, prieſt and king;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praiſe I bring.

6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmeſt thought;
But when I ſee thee as thou art
I'll praiſe thee as I ought!

7 'Till then I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the muſic of thy name
Refreſh my ſoul in death.

LXXXII.

1 BEHOLD! the bright morning appears,
And *Jeſus* revives from the grave;
His riſing removes all our fears,
And ſhews him almighty to ſave.
How ſtrong were his tears and his cries!
The worth of his blood how divine!
How perfect his ſacrifice is,
Who roſe, tho' he ſuffer'd for ſin!

2 The man who was crowned with thorns,
The man who on *Calvary* dy'd,

The man who bore scourging and scorns,
Whom sinners agreed to deride;
Now blessed forever is made,
And life has rewarded his pain;
Now glory has crowned his head,
Heav'n sings of the Lamb that was slain.

3 Believing we share in his joy;
By faith we partake of his rest;
With this we can chearfully die;
For with him we hope to be blest.
This makes us regardless of fame,
And riches and honours despise;
We suffer for *Jesus*'s name,
That dying with him we may rise.

LXXXIII.

1 REJOICE, the Lord is king,
Your God and king adore;
Mortals give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice! again I say, Rejoice!

2 *Jesus* the *Saviour* reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice! again I say, Rejoice!

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our *Jesus* giv'n:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice! again I say, Rejoice!

4 He sits at God's right hand,
'Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice:
Rejoice! again I say, Rejoice!

5 He all our foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy;
And ev'ry bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice:
Rejoice! again I say, Rejoice!

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.

LXXXIV.

Common Metre.

Mercy comes to the miſerable.

1 CAN we behold without amaze
Our dear *Redeemer*'s love?
Moſt marvellous are all his ways!
His goodneſs ſhines above.

2 To mortal worms he ſhews his grace,
And makes his mercies known;
On us the glories of his face
Moſt wond'rouſly have ſhone.

3 'Tis of his mercy that we live,
And favours thus poſſeſs;
'Tis mercy freely doth us give
The gift of righteouſneſs.

4 Mercy doth to the worthleſs come,
Or we could not receive;
In the *Redeemer* there is room
For ſinners who believe.

5 Mercy reſpects mere wretchedneſs,
And perfect miſery;
Chriſt liv'd, dy'd, roſe, poor man to bleſs,
And ſet the helpleſs free.

LXXXV.

1 COME, thou almighty king,
Help us thy name to ſing,
Help us to praiſe!
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 *Jeſus*, our Lord, ariſe,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall!
Let thine almighty aid
Our ſure defence be made,
Our ſouls on thee be ſtay'd:
Lord, hear our call!

3 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty ſword,
Our pray'r attend!
Come! and thy people bleſs,
And give thy word ſucceſs;
Spirit of Holineſs
On us deſcend!

4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy ſacred witneſs bear
In this glad hour!
Thou who Almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry heart,

And

And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of pow'r!

5 To the great One in Three,
Eternal praiſes be,
Hence—evermore!
His ſov'reign majeſty
May we in glory ſee,
And to eternity,
Love and adore.

LXXXVI.

Long Metre.

1 YE nations hear, 'tis Heav'n doth call;
Ye kings, ye ſlaves, of ev'ry tongue,
Give ear; the theme concerns you all;
The great ſalvation is my ſong.

2 'Tis not for this or t'other realm,
'Tis no ſuch mean contracted ſcheme:
Let ev'ry tongue adopt the Pſalm,
The common ſafety is my theme.

3 The grand deliv'rance then diſplay'd,
By God's dear Son, the prince of peace,
When riſing from the grave, he ſaid
To his elev'n, with lips of grace.

4 "Ye ſee I live, who once was ſlain:
"Tell all the world the gladſome news,
"That

" That God is love, and loves all men,
" Barbarians, Greeks, as well as Jews.

" In deserts, towns, to ev'ry kind,
" O'er ev'ry mountain, ev'ry plain,
" Tell my salvation's not confin'd
" To any rank or sort of men.

" Speak boldly in my name to all;
" My word with equal force prevails
" On wise, on fools, on great, on small;
" The mountains level, raise the vales.

Regard not how the news will please
" The sons of pride, who make their boast
" Of wisdom, wealth, and worldly ease;
" Nor think your labour will be lost.

" Dream not in all th' apostate race
" A well-disposed heart to find,
" To welcome, or improve my grace;
" Hope nothing from the human mind.

" The great reward of all my pain
" Stands not on such precarious ground;
" Or not one soul would life obtain,
" And all my pangs be fruitless found.

" He that surveys the heart of man,
" Who testifies 'tis only ill,
" Would ne'er have form'd this saving plan
" On ought depending on his will:

11 " Yet God in mercy purpos'd hath,
(" And God's salvation standeth sure,)
" To bless all nations; and my death
" Hath made their blessedness secure.

12 " All my redeem'd sure mercies boast,
" For so his will that sent me is,
" That those he gave me be not lost,
" But rais'd at last to endless bliss."

13 The grace of God in *Jesus* shewn,
Most sure salvation brings along.
" Salvation to our God alone,"
Of ev'ry tribe shall be the song.

14 Is any heart so black, so foul,
Excluded here? 'tis surely mine:
But who's that narrow-hearted soul
God's common safety dares confine?

15 Who dares confine it unto them
Who boast a will dispos'd t' embrace?
Who boast a mind of better frame,
T' improve the influence of his grace?

16 Who can by merit God prevent?
Let him stand forth for recompence;
But, Lord, to me for ever grant
Preventing grace as my defence.

17 Be that redemption mine I pray,
Which guilty men in *Jesus* see;

That, with the whole redeem'd, I may
The praiſe of all aſcribe to thee.

LXXXVII.

1 HE dies! the friend of ſinners dies!
Lo! *Salem*'s daughters weep around!
A ſolemn darkneſs veils the ſkies!
A ſudden trembling ſhakes the ground!
Come, ſaints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load!
He ſhed a thouſand drops for you,
A thouſand drops of richer blood!

2 Come, ſinners, view your *Saviour* dead;
And weep around his lonely tomb!
Your hope, your joy, your all is fled,
For ah! your champion's overcome!
A conflict with the pow'rs of hell
Your *Saviour* did for you ſuſtain;
He nobly fought, but ah! he fell!
Break, hearts of flint! the Lamb is ſlain!

3 Here's love, and grief, beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what ſudden joys we ſee,
Jeſus, the dead, revives again!
The riſing God forſakes the tomb:
(The tomb in vain forbids his riſe)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And ſhout him welcome to the ſkies!

4 Break off your tears, ye ſaints, and tell
How high our great deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how he ſpoil'd the hoſts of hell,
And led the monſter death in chains;
Say; "Live for ever, wond'rous King!
"Born to redeem, and ſtrong to ſave!"
Then aſk the monſter—"Where's thy ſting?
"And where's thy vict'ry, boaſting grave?"

LXXXVIII.

1 O All loving Lamb,
A ſinner I am,
And come as a ſinner thy mercy to claim.

2 With joy I embrace
The pardon and grace
Thy paſſion hath purchas'd for all the loſt race.

3 For ſinners like me
Thy mercy is free;
O, who would not love ſuch a *Saviour* as thee?

4 Yet long I withſtood
And fled from my God,
But mercy purſu'd with the cry of thy blood!

5 It challeng'd its ſtray,
And forc'd me to ſtay,
And waſh'd all my ſins in a moment away.

6 I felt it apply'd,
And joyfully cry'd, [dy'd!
Me, me thou haſt lov'd, and for me thou haſt

7 How mighty thou art,
O love, to convert!
Love only could conquer ſo ſtubborn an heart.

8 The love of God-man
Alone could conſtrain
So ſturdy a rebel to love thee again.

9 But ſure at the laſt
Thy goodneſs I taſte;
My ſoul on thy goodneſs delighted I caſt.

10 Thy goodneſs I'll praiſe,
I'll ſing of thy grace,
And joyfully live out my few happy days.

11 And when thy dear love
Me hence ſhall remove,
O then I ſhall ſing like the angels above.

12 Yet there when I am,
My work is the ſame,
T'aſcribe my ſalvation to God and the Lamb.

13 Salvation to God,
I'll publiſh abroad, [blood
And make Heav'n ring with the cry of th

14 The Lamb that was ſlain,
He liveth again,
And I with my *Jeſus* for ever ſhall reign.

LXXXIX.

Long metre.

For the Lord's Supper.

1 WHAT heav'nly *Man*, or lovely God,
Comes marching downward from the ſkies,
Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,
With joy and pity in his eyes?

2 The Lord! the *Saviour!* yes, 'tis he,
I know him by the ſmiles he wears;
Dear glorious *Man* that dy'd for me,
Drench'd deep in agonies and tears.

3 Lo, he reveals his ſhining breaſt!
I own thoſe wounds, and I adore;
Lo, he prepares a royal feaſt,
Sweet fruit of the ſharp pangs he bore!

4 Whence flow theſe favours ſo divine?
LORD! why ſo laviſh of thy blood?
Why for ſuch earthly ſouls as mine,
This heav'nly fleſh, this ſacred food?

5 'Twas his own love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the curſed tree;

'Twas

'Twas his own love this table ſpread
For ſuch unworthy worms as we.

6 Then let us taſte the *Saviour*'s love.
Come, faith, and feed upon the *Lord*;
With glad conſent our lips ſhall move,
And ſweet Hoſanna's crown the board.

XC.

Common Metre.

Redeeming love.

1 COME heavn'ly love, inſpire my ſong,
With thy immortal flame;
And teach my heart, and teach my tongue,
The Saviour's lovely name.

2 The Saviour! O what endleſs charms
Dwell in the bliſsful ſound!
Its influence ev'ry fear diſarms,
And ſpreads ſweet comfort round.

3 Here pardon, life, and joys divine
In rich effuſion flow,
For guilty rebels loſt in ſin,
And doom'd to endleſs woe.

4 God's only ſon, (ſtupendous grace!)
Forſook his throne above;
And ſwift to ſave our wretched race,
He flew on wings of love.

5 Th' almighty former of the skies,
Stoop'd to our vile abode;
While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes,
And hail'd th' incarnate God.

6 O the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss, a boundless store:
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine.
I cannot wish for more.

7 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall,
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

XCI.

Short metre.

Christian Love.

1 LET party names no more
The christian world o'erspread;
Gentle and Jew, and bond and free
Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

3 Let envy and ill-will
Be banish'd far away;

Those

Thoſe ſhould in ſtricteſt friendſhip dwell,
Who the ſame Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Reſemble that above,
Where ſtreams of pleaſure ever flow,
And ev'ry heart is love.

XCII.

It is finiſhed.

1 "'TIS finiſh'd" the Redeemer ſaid,
And meekly bow'd his dying head,
Whilſt we this ſentence ſcan.
Come, ſinners, and obſerve the word,
Behold the conqueſts of the Lord,
Complete for helpleſs man.

2 Finiſh'd the righteouſneſs of grace,
Finiſh'd for ſinners pard'ning peace;
Their mighty debt is paid:
Accuſing law cancell'd by blood,
And wrath of an offended God
In ſweet oblivion laid.

3 Who now ſhall urge a ſecond claim?
The law no longer can condemn,
Faith a releaſe can ſhew:

Juſtic

Juſtice itſelf a friend appears,
The priſon-houſe a whiſper hears,
" Looſe him and let him go."

4 O unbelief, injurious bar!
Source of tormenting, fruitleſs fear,
Why doſt thou yet reply?
Where'er thy loud objections fall,
" 'Tis finiſh'd," ſtill may anſwer all,
And ſilence ev'ry cry.

His toil divinely finiſh'd ſtands,
But ah! the praiſe his work demands,
Careful may we attend!
Concluſion to our ſouls be this,
Becauſe ſalvation finiſh'd is,
Our thanks ſhall never end.

XCIII.

CHRIST the Lord is ris'n to-day,
Sons of men and angels ſay!
Raiſe your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our ſun's eclipſe is o'er.
Lo! he ſits in blood no more.

3 Vain the ſtone, the watch, the ſeal,
Chriſt hath burſt the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his riſe,
Chriſt hath open'd paradiſe.

4 Lives again our glorious king,
Where, O death, is now thy ſting?
Once he dy'd our ſouls to ſave,
Where's thy victory, O grave?

5 Soar we now where Chriſt hath led,
Foll'wing our exalted head;
Made like him, like him we riſe,
Ours the croſs, the grave the ſkies.

6 What tho' once we periſh'd all,
Partners of our parents fall;
Second life we all receive,
In our heav'nly Adam live.

7 Hail the Lord of earth and heav'n!
Praiſe to thee by both be giv'n!
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail the reſurrection—thou!

1 King of glory! ſoul of bliſs!
Everlaſting life is this—
Thee to know—thy pow'r to prove,
Thus to ſing, and thus to love.

HYMNS

By Mr. SEGRAVE.

XCIV.

Long Metre.

At the meeting of convention.

1 NOW we are met from diff'rent parts;
May heav'nly love inſpire our hearts;
May all we do be done in love,
Like thoſe that meet to praiſe above.

2 May this a ſtriking emblem be,
Of that great meeting, all muſt ſee:
Where heav'nly love tunes ev'ry chord,
In loud hoſannas to the Lord.

3 Be with us, *Jeſus*, while we ſtay,
And guide us when we praiſe or pray;
In all we do, may we proclaim,
The praiſe and glory of thy name.

XCV.

Short Metre.

Parting of the convention.

1 DEAR Lord! we now muſt part,
A parting bleſſing give,
With thy rich love fill ev'ry heart,
That we in love may live.

2 And tho' we're far away,
May we united be,
And for each other daily pray,
That we may live in thee.

3 All glory to the Lamb,
May we forever ſing;
And bid farewell, while we proclaim
Hoſannas to our king.

XCVI.

Short Metre.

Chriſtmas Hymn.

1 THE long expected Son,
The wond'rous Virgin bears;
Th' Archangel leaves the lofty throne,
And thus to man declares:

2 "Fear not, behold, and ſee!
"We do glad tidings bring,

Which

" Which ſhall unto all people be,
" To you is born a King.

3 " A *Saviour*, *Chriſt* the Lord,
" To you is born, this day,
" And tho' by heav'nly hoſts ador'd,
" Doth in a manger lay."

4 Impatient while their ſongs,
The fallen race refuſe:
An heav'nly hoſt employ their tongues,
And ſhouts the gen'rous news!

5 To God all glory be,
We ſing the *Saviour*'s birth;
Good will to men, he makes them free,
A joyful peace on earth.

XCVII.

Long Metre.

Hymn before the Lord's Supper, after ſermon.

1 DEAR *Jeſus* wilt thou with us meet,
While we at ſupper, humbly join,
To praiſe thy bounty, while we eat
Thy bread, and drink thy bounteous wine.

2 Theſe emblems of thy dying love,
Set forth thy paſſion on the tree,
And to our ſenſes always prove
Thy love continues great and free.

3 Here may our faith thy body view,
And worthily thy love partake;
May this our faith and love renew
And all we aſk is for thy ſake.

XCVIII.

Common metre.

After ſupper.

1 WE eat, dear Lord, the broken bread,
Which thy free bounty gave;
A lively emblem of our head,
Who dy'd the world to ſave.

2 Here ev'ry grain is join'd in one,
One body all expreſs;
Hear ſhines our union with the Son,
The Lord our righteouſneſs.

3 Dear *Jeſus*, while we taſte the wine,
Which has the wine-preſs bore,
'Tis to ſet forth that blood of thine,
Preſs'd from each ſacred pore.

4 May humble joy inſpire each tongue,
While we thy death expreſs;
And that dear name complete the ſong;
The Lord, our righteouſneſs.

XCIX.

Common Metre.

Funeral thought.

1 WHY ſhould we fear, to meet the tomb?
Since there our Jeſus lay,
And left a laſting ſweet perfume,
Amidſt the ſilent clay.

2 Our life is hid in him our head,
And faith forbids to fear;
In him we live, tho' we are dead,
And with him muſt appear.

3 O death! Where is thy fatal ſting?
Since Chriſt for all did die,
And roſe that we might ſhout and ſing
Grave where's thy victory?

C

Common metre.

Fall in Adam, recovery in Chriſt.

1 ADAM the firſt, contain'd in one,
The male and female too,
A wond'rous work in him begun;
The wond'rous myſt'ry view.

2 From him the female nature took,
They ſtand a happy pair;

Till

'Till coveting, unhappy look!
They wish forbidden fare.

3 They eat, but O! unhappy food!
Their eyes are op'd to see;
The evil now, as well as good,
And find they naked be.

4 Here fear and shame, distress and guilt,
The mis'ries of the fall
Is by the two severely felt,
And we are sunk in thrall.

PAUSE.

5 But shall the tempting serpent boast
A total conquest here?
The glorious work of God be lost,
And sunk in endless fear!

6 O God forbid! was this the doom,
We might with John bewail,
But Judah's lion from the womb,
Hath power, and did prevail.

7 The female sever'd from the man,
In the transgression first,
Had promised, that her seed again,
Should make her children just.

8 Here shines the great, the morning star;
Here Michael takes the field,

His foes unequal to the war,
Do to Emmanuel yield.

9 He fought, and broke the ſerpent's head;
And hath deſtroy'd his throne:
And the whole world for which he bled,
His pow'r and grace ſhall own.

CI.

Short metre.

Fall and recovery of the human race.

1 ALL ruin'd by the fall,
And doom'd to ſore diſtreſs,
'Till Jeſus paid the debt for all,
In him we've righteouſneſs.

2 'Tis here we ſtand complete,
In him we live and move;
And lay with Mary at his feet,
And praiſe the God of love.

5 Let all the fallen race
Unite their ſongs in one;
And while they ſing redeeming grace,
Proclaim what Chriſt has done.

Short

CII.

Short Metre.

Great and free salvation.

1 SALVATION! O the thought!
For sinners doom'd to die,
Paid for by Jesus, dearly bought,
To raise his foes on high.

2 Salvation, O the song,
Let all the world proclaim,
And ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
Rejoice to hear the name.

3 Salvation, rich and free,
Salvation, long and broad,
Salvation for such worms as we,
'Tis all the work of God.

4 He works to will and do,
The *Alpha* is his name,
And he the great *Omega* too,
All glory to the lamb.

CIII.

Let all creatures praise God.

1 LET all created things,
Their chearful voices raise,
And own the king of kings,
With thankful songs of praise.

Creating love;
Should loud be sung,
Thro' ev'ry world,
By ev'ry tongue.

2 Let angels round the throne,
In joyful ranks above,
His power and goodness own,
And his preserving love.
With thankful tongues
His praise proclaim,
And drop their crowns
To shout his name.

3 Let all old Adam's race,
Wherever they may be,
Shout the redeemer's grace,
And to him bow the knee:
He dy'd for all,
And to restore
All things, he rose
To die no more.

CIV.

Mystery of Redemption.

1 GREAT was the mystery
Of godliness reveal'd,
That God should human be,
This book was ever seal'd,

'Till

'Till *Christ*, prevail'd,
To ope the book
And in it look;
He never fail'd.

2 Thus immortality,
He freely brought to light;
For sinners doom'd to die,
In whom was his delight,
Ere time began;
He lov'd the whole,
For ev'ry soul
He laid the plan.

3 Here angels silent lie,
In the bright realms above,
Tho' they desire to pry
Into this wondrous love;
They must give place
And never know
Like us below,
Redeeming grace.

4 Let the redeem'd above,
And all below the skies,
Shout the Redeemer's love;
And loud repeat their joys;
Let *Adam*'s race,
With joy proclaim
The Saviour's name,
And sing his grace.

Creating

CV.

Creating Goodneſs.

1 WHY does my tongue refuſe to ſing,
My heart ſo ſtupid lie,
When the great works of God my king,
Do ſtrike my wand'ring eye?

2 The maſſy globe on which I ſtand,
Hangs on his power alone,
The ebbing ſea begirt with ſand,
His pow'r and glory own.

3 The humble ſhrub, the cedar high,
The tow'ring oak and pine,
Beſpeak his awful majeſty,
And own his arm divine.

4 The gilded arches, ſpangle forth,
With lamps of ſhining light;
From eaſt to weſt, from ſouth to north,
His awful pow'r and might.

5 Bright ſol, with his enliv'ning rays
Lends to the moon her light,
And join in ſilent ſtrokes to praiſe,
The Maker day and night.

6 But who can count the vaſt detail?
Of all that own his hand,
My time decays, my numbers fail,
And I muſt ſilent ſtand.

CVI.

Long Metre.

Universal redemption.

1 REDEMPTION, O! the joyful news
For Gentiles poor as well as Jews,
Amazing thought! what can it mean?
And can the Ethiope be clean?

2 Can Scythian, and Barbarian, too,
Be sav'd as well as Greek and Jew,
The Africans among the rest,
Can they be *Jesu*'s wedding guest?

3 Can camel thro' a needle go?
'Tis possible with God, we know;
And so by his unbounded grace
Can save a-lost, a sinful race.

4 Mercy and truth in *Jesus* meet,
Justice and love here shine complete:
Then Christ is able all to do,
To pay the debt, and pardon too.

5 Here rich, and poor, and bond, and free,
Come, blind and halt, you all shall see;
In him they've life, and hence proclaim,
The praise and glory to the Lamb.

6 Then may all heav'n and earth resound,
With thanks to God, with awe profound;
And

And love, and thanks, and praiſe expreſs
To *Chriſt* the Lord, our righteouſneſs.

CVII.

Creating and redeeming love.

1 YE angels that ſurround the throne,
Where your Creator's name is known,
Through all the realms above,
Your greateſt ſkill in praiſing try,
And all your golden harps employ,
To ſing creating love.

2 But you the children of his love,
Who have been call'd to mount above,
From ſin and ſorrow too:
Let angels to your ſongs give place,
For you can ſing redeeming grace,
Your ſong is always new.

3 And may not we, who ſtill ſtay here,
With joy and triumph lend an ear,
And humbly try to ſing,
Tho' darkly thro' a glaſs we ſee,
Each of us cry, he dy'd for me,
Adored be my King.

4 But when we take the ſacred book,
And at each precious promiſe look,
Of univerſal grace:
'Tis here the joyful day we view,

When

When the poor Gentile with the Jew,
Shall see his *Saviour*'s face.

5 Then may all *Adam*'s fallen race,
As fellow-heirs of this same grace,
And branches of one vine,
In one eternal song conspire,
To praise the Lamb, our soul's desire,
When all their brethren join.

CVIII.

Common Metre.

Salvation through the love of God alone.

1 LOUD hallelujahs to thy name,
Thou conq'ring God of grace!
Who on the best of errands came,
To save a ruin'd race.

2 Why didst thou leave the realms above,
And deign to come below?
'Twas sure thy own eternal love;
Teach us this truth to know.

3 For when we view the objects, Lord,
Of thy rich love divine;
Rebels to thee, in thought and word,
Here doth thy goodness shine.

4 For guilty sinners, great and small,
For fallen *Adam*'s race,

For

For Jew and Gentile, yea for all,
Here ſhines thy matchleſs grace.

5 Halle, halle, hallelujah,
Hallelujah to *Jeſus*,
Hallelujah and Hoſanna,
To him who died to ſave us.

CIX.

Long Metre.

Before baptiſm by emerſion.

1 WE'RE not aſham'd to follow him;
Who bow'd his head in *Jordan*'s ſtream;
And riſing from beneath the wave,
Set forth his pow'r to leave the grave.

2 Here in the likeneſs of his death,
We for a time reſign our breath,
Then riſe and leave the wat'ry grave,
So *Jeſus* roſe the world to ſave.

3 Here we our faith, in him profeſs,
Who roſe the Lord, our righteouſneſs,
Nor do we fear to own the Lord,
In ſweet compliance with his word.

4 Come follow him, dear brethren, come,
He roſe for all, and left the tomb;
Believe and be baptiz'd, and tell
We truſt in him who vanquiſh'd hell.

CX.

CX.

Common Metre.

After baptism.

1 WE'RE not baptiz'd to wash away
Our guilt, or save from woe,
But our dear master to obey,
And in his footsteps go.

2 Bury'd with *Christ*, our heav'nly king,
In likeness of his death,
As he arose, we rise to sing;
May praise employ our breath.

3 Where is thy vict'ry, conquer'd grave?
O death! where is thy sting?
Since *Jesus* rose the world to save,
May all the vict'ry sing.

CXI.

Long Metre.

On the love of God.

1 THY love, O God, my feeble voice,
Would fain attempt, would try to speak,
But in the boundless ocean lost, [weak.
My thought's too scant, my power's too

2 To what can I thy love compare?
How can I set thy goodness forth;

Nothing, O Lord! on earth there are,
From east to west, from south to north.

3 If I compare it to a sea,
Without a bottom or a shore,
I see the great disparity,
A sea must end, and be no more.

4 If thro' the orbs of light I range,
And should compare it to the moon;
'Tis wrong, the moon does often change,
And here we see the diff'rence soon.

5 If to the sun, whose heav'nly rays
Give life to nature here below;
I blush, and check the warbling lays,
Thy love first made the sun, we know.

6 If to the num'rous stars of heav'n,
That round the globe in myriads shine,
They are but sparks thy love has giv'n,
They only flow from love divine.

CXII.

Gospel.

1 COME, sinners, give up the vain chase
For heav'n, by all you can do:
Come, trust in *Immanuel*'s grace,
He is the straight gate to go thro':
Believe! he has suffer'd for all,
For all, yea, for all that was lost,

And

And knowing 'twould save them from thrall,
He gave up his life on the cross.

2 The law we had broke he made good,
Fulfilling its precepts complete,
And sealing the cov'nant with blood,
To heav'n has took the receipt.
Here justice has got its demand,
And rivers of mercy may flow,
And all from *Immanuel*'s hand,
'Tis peace this salvation to know.

3 May this boundless ocean of love,
Constrain us to follow the lamb,
Pursuing our portion above,
Adoring and praising his name:
This is a salvation complete,
Forbidding the soul to rebel:
But lay at *Immanuel*'s feet,
Nor fearing the powers of hell.

CXIII.

Long metre.

Morning Hymn.

1 BLESS'D be thy name, my God and King,
Fain would my heart thy praises sing,
For all the mercies of the night,
And blessings of the morning light.

2 'Tis thro' thy mercy, Lord, to me,
I've liv'd another day to see;
May I this day thy praise proclaim,
And give the glory to thy name.

3 Give me this day my daily bread,
And while my body's richly fed,
O! may my soul be truly bless'd,
And feed on *Christ*, my righteousness.

CXIV.

Common Metre.

Evening Hymn.

1 MY ev'ning thanks, Lord, I would pay
To thy protecting arm,
Thou hast preserv'd me all the day,
And safe from ev'ry harm.

2 From dangers seen and unseen too,
Thou hast preserved me:
O! may the thought my heart indue
With songs of praise to thee.

3 And now I lay me down to sleep
In thee, my soul's delight;
Dear *Jesus*, may thy mercy keep
Me through the silent night.

HYMNS AND PSALMS

By Dr. WATTS.

CXV.

Short Metre.

Love to enemies; or, *The love of Christ to sinners typified in David.*

1 BEHOLD the love, the gen'rous love,
That holy David shows!
Hark how this sounding bowels move
To his afflicted foes!

2 When they are sick, his soul complains,
And seems to feel the smart,
The spirit of the gospel reigns,
And melts his pious heart.

3 How did his flowing tears condole,
As for a brother dead!
And, fasting, mortify'd his soul,
While for their life he pray'd.

4 O glorious type of heav'nly grace!
Thus Chriſt the Lord appears;
While ſinners curſe, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with tears.

5 He, the true David, Iſrael's king,
Bleſs'd and belov'd of God,
To ſave us rebels, dead in ſin,
Pay'd his own deareſt blood.

CXVI.

Common Metre.

The Vanity of man as mortal.

1 TEACH me the meaſure of my days,
Thou maker of my frame!
I would ſurvey life's narrow ſpace,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A ſpan is all that we can boaſt,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and duſt,
In all his flow'r and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move,
Like ſhadows o'er the plain;
They rage and ſtrive, deſire and love,
But all the noiſe is vain.

4 Some walk in honour's gaudy ſhow;
Some dig for golden ore;

They

They toil for heirs they know not who,
And ſtrait are ſeen no more.

5 What ſhould I wiſh or wait for, then,
From creatures earth and duſt?
They make our expectations vain,
And diſappoint our truſt.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond deſires recal;
I give my mortal intr'eſt up,
And make my God my all.

CXVII.

Common Metre.

Sick-bed devotion; or, *Pleading without repining*.

1 GOD of my life, look gently down!
Behold the pains I feel!
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare diſpute thy will.

2 Diſeaſes are thy ſervants, Lord!
They come at thy command:
I'll not attempt a murm'ring word,
Againſt thy chaſt'ning hand.

3 Yet may I plead with humble cries,
Remove thy ſharp rebukes;

My

My ſtrength conſumes, my ſpirit dies,
Through thy repeated ſtrokes.

4 Cruſh'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the duſt:
Our feeble pow'rs can ne'er withſtand,
And all our beauty's loſt.

[5 This mortal life decays apace;
How ſoon the bubble's broke!
Adam, and all his num'rous race,
Are vanity and ſmoke.]

6 I'm but a ſojourner below,
As all my fathers were:
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I the ſummons hear.

7 But if my life be ſpar'd a while,
Before my laſt remove,
Thy praiſe ſhall be my buſineſs ſtill,
And I'll declare thy love.

CXVIII.

Common metre.

The incarnation and ſacrifice of Chriſt.

1 THUS ſaith the Lord, 'Your work is vain,
'Give your burnt-offerings o'er:
'In dying goats, and bullocks ſlain,
'My ſoul delight no more.'

2 Then

2 Then ſpake the Saviour, Lo! I'm here,
'My God, to do thy will;
'Whate'er thy ſacred books declare,
'Thy ſervant ſhall fulfil.

3 'Thy law is ever in my ſight,
'I keep it near my heart;
'Mine ears are open'd with delight,
'To what thy lips impart.'

4 And ſee! the bleſs'd Redeemer comes,
Th' eternal ſon appears;
And, at th' appointed time aſſumes
The body God prepares.

5 Much he reveal'd his Father's grace,
And much his truth he ſhow'd;
And preach'd the way of righteouſneſs,
Where great aſſemblies ſtood.

6 His Father's honour touch'd his heart,
He pitied ſinners' cries;
And to fulfil a Saviour part,
Was made a ſacrifice.

PAUSE.

7 No blood of beaſts, on alters ſhed,
Could waſh the conſcience clean;
But the rich ſacrifice he paid,
Atones for all our ſin.

3 Then was the great ſalvation ſpread,
And Satan's kingdom ſhook;
Thus, by the woman's promis'd ſeed,
The ſerpent's head was broke.

CXIX.

Common Metre.

Chriſt's obedience and death; or, *God glorified and ſinners ſaved.*

1 FATHER! I ſing thy wond'rous grace;
I bleſs my *Saviour's* name;
He bought ſalvation for the poor
And bore the ſinner's ſhame.

2 His deep diſtreſs has rais'd us high;
His duty and his zeal
Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke,
And finiſh'd all thy will.

3 His dying groans, his living ſongs,
Shall better pleaſe my God,
Than harp or trumpet's ſolemn ſound,
Than goats or bullocks blood.

4 This ſhall his humble followers ſee,
And ſet their hearts at reſt;
They by his death draw near to thee,
And live forever bleſt.

5 Let

5 Let heaven, and all that dwell on high,
To God their voices raise;
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t'advance the praise.

6 Sion is thine, most holy God!
Thy Son shall bless her gates;
And glory purchas'd by his blood,
For thy own Isra'l waits.

CXX.

Christ's kingdom among the Gentiles.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant-voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

3 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

[4 Where he displays his healing pow'r,
Death and the curse are known no more:
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.]

5 Let ev'ry creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our king:
Angels, descend with songs again;
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

CXXI.

Long Metre.

Salvation by Christ.

1 SALVATION is forever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord;
And grace descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since *Christ* the Lord came dome from heav'n;
By his obedience so complete,
Justice is pleas'd, and peace is giv'n.

3 Now truth and honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heav'nly influence bless the ground,
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

CXXII.

Common Metre.

The covenant of grace unchangeable; or, *afflictions without rejection.*

1 YET (saith the Lord) if David's race,
The children of my Son,

Shoul

'Should break my laws, abuſe my grace,
'And tempt mine anger down:

2 'Their ſins I'll viſit with the rod,
'And make their folly ſmart;
'But I'll not ceaſe to be their God,
'Nor from my truth depart.

3 'My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
'But keep my grace in mind;
'And what Eternal love hath ſpoke,
'Eternal truth ſhall bind.

4 'Once have I ſworn (I need no more)
'And pledg'd my holineſs,
'To ſeal the ſacred promiſe ſure
'To David and his race.

5 'The ſun ſhall ſee his offspring riſe,
'And ſpread from ſea to ſea,
'Long as he travels round the ſkies,
'To give the nations day.

6 'Sure as the moon that rules the night
'His kingdom ſhall endure,
'Till the fix'd laws of ſhade and light
'Shall be obſerv'd no more.'

CXXIII.

Long Metre.

Christ's incarnation.

1 THE Lord is come; the heav'ns proclaim
His birth; the nations learn his name;
An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God.

2 All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go, worship where the Saviour lies;
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high, and gods below.

3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound.
But Judah shout, but Zion sing,
And earth confess her sov'reign king.

CXXIV.

Common Metre.

The Messiah's coming and kingdom.

1 JOY to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her king;
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to earth! the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

CXXV.

Long metre.

Praise to our Creator.

1 YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sov'reign king:
Serve him with chearful heart and voice;
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God: 'Tis he alone
Doth life and breath, and being give:
We are his work, and not our own;
The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ,
To pay your thanks and honours there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure:
And the whole race of man shall find,
His truth from age to age endure.

CXXVI.

Long Metre.

Bleſſing God for his goodneſs to ſoul and body.

1 BLESS, O my ſoul! the living God;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the pow'rs within me join
In work and worſhip ſo divine.

2 Bleſs, O my ſoul! the God of grace;
His favours claim the higheſt praiſe:
Why ſhould the wonders he hath wrought,
Be loſt in ſilence, and forgot?

3 'Tis he my ſoul, that ſent his Son
To die for crimes which thou haſt done;
He owns the ranſom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels;
Redeems the ſoul from hell, and ſaves
Our waſting life from threat'ning graves.

5 Our youth decay'd, his pow'r repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years;
He ſatisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heav'nly food.

6 He ſees th' oppreſſor and th' oppreſt,
And often gives the ſuff'rers reſt:

But

But will his juſtice more diſplay
In the laſt great rewarding day.

[7 His pow'r he ſhow'd by Moſes' hands,
And gave to Iſrael his commands;
But ſent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his Son.

8 Let the whole earth his pow'r confeſs,
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
The Gentile with the Jew ſhall join
In work and worſhip ſo divine.]

CXXVII.

Common metre.

Brotherly love.

1 LO! what an entertaing ſight
Are brethren that agree!
Brethren, whoſe chearful hearts unite
In bands of piety!

2 When ſtreams of love from Chriſt, the ſpring,
Deſcend to ev'ry ſoul;
And heav'nly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole:

3 'Tis like the oil divinely ſweet
On Aaron's rev'rend head;
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments ſpread.

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning-dews
That fall on Sion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distil.

CXXVIII.

Common Metre.

Praise to God from all nations.

1 O All ye nations! praise the Lord,
Each with a diff'rent tongue;
In ev'ry language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.

2 His mercy reigns through ev'ry land;
Proclaim his grace abroad!
For ever firm his truth shall stand;
Praise ye the faithful God!

CXXIX.

Long Metre.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
'Till sun shall rise, and set no more.

CXXX.

CXXX.

Short Metre.

1 THY name, Almighty Lord!
Shall ſound thro' diſtant lands:
Great is thy grace, and ſure thy word;
Thy truth forever ſtands.

2 Far be thine honour ſpread,
And long thy praiſe endure;
Till morning light, and ev'ning ſhade,
Shall be exchang'd no more.

CXXXI.

Short Metre.

The bleſſedneſs of goſpel times: or, the revelation of Chriſt *to Jews and Gentiles.*—Iſa. v. 2, 7—10. Mat. xiii. 16, 17.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who ſtand on *Zion*'s hill!
Who bring ſalvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How ſweet the tidings are!
"*Zion*, behold thy *Saviour-King*,
"He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful ſound,

Which

Which kings and prophets waited for,
And fought, but never found!

4 How bleſſed are our eyes
That ſee this heav'nly light;
Prophets and kings deſir'd it long,
But dy'd without the ſight!

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jeruſalem breaks forth in ſongs,
And deſarts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Thro' all the earth abroad:
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their *Saviour* and their God.

CXXXII.

Common Metre.

Victory over death —1 Cor. xv. 55, &c.

1 O For an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monſter, Death,
And all his frightful pow'rs!

2 Joyful, with all the ſtrength I have,
My quiv'ring lips ſhould ſing,
"Where is thy boaſted vict'ry, Grave;
"And where the monſter's ſting?"

3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure;
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gives sin its damning pow'r;
But Christ, my ransom dy'd.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die
Thro' Christ our living head.

CXXXIII.

Common Metre.

A vision of the kingdom of Christ *among men.*—
Rev. xxi. 1—4.

1 LO, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are pass'd away,
And the old rolling skies:

2 From the third heav'n, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The *New Jerusalem* comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
"Of your descending King.

4 "The God of glory down to men
"Removes his bless'd abode;

"Men

" Men, the dear objects of his grace,
" And he the loving God.

5 " His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
" From ev'ry weeping eye;
" And pains and groans, and griefs and fears
" And death itself shall die."

6 How long, dear *Saviour*, O how long!
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

CXXXIV.

Long Metre.

A vision of the Lamb.—Rev. v. 6—9.

1 ALL mortal vanities be gone,
Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears;
Behold amidst th' eternal throne,
A vision of the Lamb appears.

2 Glory his fleecy robe adorns,
Mark'd with the bloody death he bore;
Sev'n are his eyes, and sev'n his horns,
To speak his wisdom and his pow'r.

3 Lo, he receives a sealed book
From him that sits upon the throne:

Jesus

Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark decrees, and things unknown.]

4 All the assembling saints around
Fall worshipping before the Lamb,
And in new songs of gospel sound,
Address their honours to his name.

5 [The joy, the shout, the harmony
Flies o'er the everlasting hills;
"Worthy art thou alone (they cry)
"To read the book, to loose the seals."]

6 Our voices join the heav'nly strain,
And with transporting pleasure sing,
"Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
"To be our teacher and our king!"

7 Worthy for ever is the Lord,
That dy'd for treasons not his own,
By ev'ry tongue to be ador'd,
And dwell upon his Father's throne!

CXXXV.

Common metre.

Hope of heaven by the resurrection of Christ.—
1 Pet. i. 3, 4, 5.

1 BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;

Be

Be his unbounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.

2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 What tho' our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust,
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine,
Reserv'd against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot fade away.

5 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept
'Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith, as strangers here,
'Till *Christ* shall call us home

CXXXVI.

Long Metre.

Electing grace: or, saints beloved in Christ.—Eph. i. 3. &c.

1 *JESUS*, we bless thy Father's name;
Thy God and ours are both the same;
What heav'nly blessings from his throne,
Flow down to sinners thro' his Son!

2 " *Ch*

2 " *Christ* be my first elect," he said;
Then chose our souls in *Christ* our head;
Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.

3 Thus did eternal love begin
To raise us up from death and sin;
Our characters were then decreed,
" Blameless in love, a holy seed."

4 Predestinated to be sons,
Born by degrees, but chose at once;
A new regenerated race,
To praise the glory of his grace.

5 With *Christ* our Lord we share our part
In the affections of his heart:
Nor shall our souls be thence remov'd,
'Till he forgets his First-belov'd,

CXXXVII.

Common Metre.

Christ Jesus *the Lamb of God worshipped by all the creation.*—Rev. v. 11—13.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 " Worthy the Lamb that dy'd (thy cry)
" To be exalted thus:"

" Worthy the Lamb (our lips reply)
" For he was slain for us."

3 *Jesus* is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever, thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

CXXXVIII.

Long Metre.

Christ's *humiliation and exaltation.*—Rev. v. 12.

1 WHAT equal honours shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and dy'd,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his Almighty Father's side.

3 Pow'r

3 Pow'r and dominion are his due,
Who ſtood condemn'd at Pilate's bar;
Wiſdom belongs to *Jeſus* too,
Tho' he was charg'd with madneſs here.

4 All riches are his native right,
Yet he ſuſtain'd amazing loſs;
To him aſcribe eternal might,
Who left his weakneſs on the croſs.

5 Honour immortal muſt be paid,
Inſtead of ſcandal and of ſcorn;
While glory ſhines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

6 Bleſſings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curſe for wretched men;
Let angels ſound his ſacred name,
And ev'ry creature ſay, Amen.

CXXXIX.

Long Metre.

The value of Chriſt *and his righteouſneſs.*—Phil. iii. 7--9.

1 NO more, my God, I boaſt no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To truſt the merits of thy Son.

2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loſs;

My former pride I call my ſhame,
And nail my glory to his croſs.

3 Yes, and I muſt and will eſteem
All things but loſs for *Jeſus'* ſake:
O may my ſoul be found in him,
And of his righteouſneſs partake!

4 The beſt obedience of my hands,
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can anſwer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

CXL.

Common Metre.

The brazen ſerpent: or, looking to Jeſus.—John iii. 14, 15, 16.

1 SO did the Hebrew prophet raiſe
The brazen ſerpent high;
The wounded felt immediate eaſe,
The camp forbore to die.

2 "Look upward in the dying hour,
"And live," the prophet cries;
But *Chriſt* performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up her eyes.

3 High on the croſs the *Saviour* hung,
High in the heav'ns he reigns;
Here ſinners, by th' old ſerpent ſtung,
Look, and forget their pains.

4 When

4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives:
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

CXLI.

Common Metre.

Saints in the hands of Christ.—John x. 28, 29.

1 FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust;
If I am found in *Jesus'* hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honour is engag'd to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All that his heav'nly Father gave
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
His fav'rites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest.

CXLII.

Short Metre.

The humiliation and exaltation of Christ.—Isa. liii. 6—12.

1 LIKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God,

Each wand'ring in a diff'rent way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our wand'rings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the ſhepherd's head!

3 How glorious was the grace
When *Chriſt* ſuſtain'd the ſtroke!
His life and blood the ſhepherd pays,
A ranſom for the flock.

4 His honour and his breath
Were taken quite away;
Join'd with the wicked in his death,
And made as vile as they.

5 But God ſhall raiſe his head
O'er all the ſons of men,
And make him ſee a num'rous ſeed,
To recompence his pain.

6 "I'll give him (ſaith the Lord)
"A portion with the ſtrong:
"He ſhall poſſeſs a large reward,
"And hold his honours long."

CXLIII.

Common Metre.

Godly sorrow arising from the sufferings of Christ.

1 ALAS! and did my *Saviour* bleed!
And did my Sov'reign die;
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 [Thy body slain, sweet *Jesus*, thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all expos'd to wrath divine,
The glorious suff'rer stood!]

3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! Grace unknown!
And love beyond degree.

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God the mighty Maker dy'd
For man the creature's sin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:

Here,

Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

CXLIV.

Common Metre.

Christ *is the substance of the Levitical priesthood.*

1 THE true Messiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn;
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.

2 No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kid, nor bullock slain,
Incense and spice of costly names,
Would all be burnt in vain.

3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
When God himself comes down to be
The off'ring and the priest.

4 He took our mortal flesh to show
The wonders of his love;
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.

5 "Father (he cries) forgive their sins,
"For I myself have dy'd;"
And then he shews his open'd veins,
And pleads his wounded side.

CXLV.

CXLV.

Long Metre.

The creation, preservation, dissolution, and restoration of this world.

1 SING to the Lord that built the skies,
The Lord that rear'd this stately frame;
Let all the nations sound his praise,
And lands unknown repeat his name.

2 He form'd the seas, and form'd the hills,
Made ev'ry drop, and ev'ry dust,
Nature and time with all their wheels,
And push'd them into motion first.

3 Now, from his high imperial throne
He looks far down upon the spheres;
He bids the shining orbs roll on,
And round he turns the hasty years.

4 Thus shall this moving engine last,
'Till all his saints are gather'd in:
Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast,
To shake it all to dust again!

5 Yet, when the sound shall tear the skies,
And lightning burn the globe below,
Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes,
There's a new heav'n and earth for you.

CXLVI.

Short Metre.

Triumph over death in hope of the resurrection.

1 AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
'Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.

3 God my *Redeemer* lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
'Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face
Look heav'nly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe
To *Jesus'* dying love:
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his pow'r above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,

Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

CXLVII.

Common Metre.

The nativity of *Christ*.

1 " SHEPHERDS, rejoice, lift up your eyes,
" And send your fears away;
" News from the region of the skies,
" Salvation's born to day.

2 " *Jesus*, the God whom angels fear,
" Comes down to dwell with you;
" To day he makes his entrance here,
" But not as monarchs do.

3 " No gold, nor purple swadling bands,
" Nor royal shining things;
" A manger for his cradle stands,
" And holds the *King of Kings*.

4 " Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
" And see his humble throne;
" With tears of joy in all your eyes,
" Go, shepherds, kiss the *Son*."

5 Thus *Gabriel* sang, and strait around
The heav'nly armies throng,
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song:

6 " Glory

" Glory to God that reigns above,
" Let peace surround the earth;
" Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
" At their *Redeemer*'s birth."

7 Lord! and shall angels have their songs,
And men no tunes to raise?
O may we lose these useless tongues
When they forget to praise!

8 Glory to God that reigns above,
That pitied us forlorn,
We join to sing our Maker's love,
For there's a *Saviour* born.

CXLVIII.

Long Metre.

Jesus the only Saviour.

1 *ADAM*, our father and our head
Transgrest; and justice doom'd us dead:
The fiery law speaks all despair,
There's no reprieve, nor pardon there.

2 " Call a bright council in the skies;
" Seraphs the mighty and the wise,
" Say, what expedient can you give,
" That sin be damn'd, and sinners live?

3 " Speak, are you strong to bear the load,
" The weighty vengeance of a God?
" Wh

" Which of you loves our wretched race,
" Or dares to venture in our place ?"

4 In vain we ask: for all around
Stands silence thro' the heavenly ground:
There's not a glorious mind above
Has half the strength, or half the love.

5 But, O unutterable grace!
Th' eternal Son takes *Adam*'s place;
Down to our world the *Saviour* flies,
Stretches his naked arms, and dies.

6 Justice was pleas'd to bruise the God,
And pay its wrongs with heav'nly blood;
What unknown racks and pangs he bore!
Then rose: the law could ask no more.

7 Amazing work! look down, ye skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes;
Ye heavenly thrones, stoop from above,
And bow to this mysterious love.

8 See, how they bend! see, how they look!
Long they had read th' eternal book,
And studied dark decrees in vain,
The cross and *Calv'ry* makes them plain

9 Now they are struck with deep amaze,
Each with his wings conceals his face;
Nor clap their sounding plumes, and cry,
The wisdom of a DEITY.

10 Low they adore th' incarnate Son,
And ſing the glories he hath won;
Sing how he broke our iron chains,
How deep he ſunk, how high he reigns.

11 Triumph and reign, victorious Lord,
By all thy flaming hoſts ador'd:
And ſay, dear *Conqueror*, ſay, how long
E'er we ſhall riſe to join their ſong.

12 Lo, from afar the promis'd day
Shines with a well diſtinguiſh'd ray;
But my wing'd paſſion hardly bears
Theſe lengths of ſlow delaying years.

13 Send down a chariot from above,
With fiery wheels and pav'd with love;
Raiſe me beyond th' ethereal blue,
To ſing and love as angels do.

HYMNS

By J. HART.

CXLIX.

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us. 1 Sam. vii. 12.

THO' ſtrait be the way,
With dangers beſet;
And we thro' delay
Are no farther yet;
Our good guide and *Saviour*
Hath help'd thus far:
And 'tis by his favour
We are what we are.

A favour ſo great
We highly ſhould prize;
Not murmur, nor fret,
Nor ſmall things deſpiſe.
But what call we ſmall things?
Sin's whole cancell'd ſum?
'Tis greater than all things—
Except thoſe to come.

3 My brethren, reflect
On what we have been;
How God had respect
To us under sin.
When lower and lower
We ev'ry day fell,
He stretched forth his power,
And snatch'd us from hell.

4 Then let us rejoice,
And chearfully sing.
With heart and with voice,
To Jesus our king;
Who thus far has brought us
From evil to good;
The ransom that bought us
No less than his blood.

5 For blessings like these
So bounteously giv'n,
For prospects of peace,
And fore-tastes of heav'n.
'Tis grateful, 'tis pleasant
To sing and adore;
Be thankful for present,
And then ask for more.

CL.

The Sabbath.

1 GOD thus commanded *Jacob's* seed,
When, from *Egyptian* bondage freed,

He led them by the way.
Remember with a mighty hand
I brought thee forth from *Pharoah's* land;
Then keep my Sabbath-day.

2 In six days God made heav'n and earth;
Gave all the various creatures birth:
And from his working ceas'd.
These days to labour he applied;
The Sev'nth he bless'd, and sanctified,
And called the day of rest.

3 To all God's people now remains
A *Sabbatism*, a rest from pains
And works of slavish kind.
When tir'd with toil, and faint thro' fear,
The child of God can enter here,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 To this by faith he oft rereats,
Bondage and labour quite forgets,
And bids his cares adieu;
Slides softly into promis'd rest,
Reclines his head on *Jesus's* breast
And proves the sabbath true.

5 This, and this only is the way,
To rightly keep that Sabbath-day,
Which God has holy made.
All keeper's that come short of this,
The substance of the Sabbath miss;
And grasp an empty shade.

CLI.

And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Luke vii. 42.

1 MERCY is welcome news indeed,
To thoſe that guilty ſtand.
Wretches, that feel what help they need,
Will bleſs the helping hand.

2 Who rightly would his alms diſpoſe,
Muſt give them to the poor.
None but the wounded patient knows
The comforts of his cure.

3 We all have ſinn'd againſt our God;
Exception none can boaſt:
But he, that feels the heavieſt load,
Will prize forgiveneſs moſt.

3 No reck'ning can we rightly keep,
For who the ſums can know?
Some ſouls are fifty pieces deep;
And ſome five hundred owe.

5 But let our debts be what they may,
However great, or ſmall:
As ſoon as we have nought to pay,
Our Lord forgives us all.

6 'Tis perfect poverty alone,
That ſets the ſoul at large:

While

While we can call one mite our own,
We have no full discharge.

CLII.

Short Metre.

Faith in the Victory.

WHOEVER believes aright,
In Christ's atoning blood,
Of all his guilt's acquitted quite:
And may draw near to God.

2 But sin will still remain,
Corruptions rise up thick;
And Satan says the med'cine's vain,
Because we yet are sick.

3 But all this will not do;
Our hope's on Jesus cast:
Let all be Liars, and him be true!
We shall be well at last.

CLIII.

Faith and Repentance.

COME, ye Christians, sing the praises
Of your condescending God;
Come, and hymn the holy Jesus,
Who hath wash'd us in his blood,

We

We are poor, and weak, and filly,
And to ev'ry evil prone;
Yet our Jesus loves us freely,
And receives us for his own.

2 Tho' we're mean in man's opinion,
He hath made us priests and kings.
Pow'r and glory, and dominion
To the Lamb the sinner sings,
Leprous souls, unsound and and filthy,
Come before him as you are:
'Tis the sick man, not the healthy,
Needs the good physician's care.

3 Here the terms that never vary;
"To repent and to believe."
Both of these are necessary;
Both from Jesus we receive.
Would be Christian, duly ponder
These in thine impartial mind:
And let no man put asunder.
What the Lord hath wisely join'd.

4 Oh! beware of fondly thinking
God accepts thee for thy tears.
Are the shipwreck'd sav'd by sinking?
Can the ruin'd rise by fears?
Oh! beware of trust ill-grounded:
'Tis but fancied faith at most,
To be cur'd, and not be be wounded:
To be sav'd before you're lost.

No big words of ready talkers,
No dry doctrines will suffice.
Broken hearts, and humble walkers,
These are dear in Jesu's eyes.
Tinkling sounds of disputation,
Naked knowledge all are vain:
Ev'ry soul, that gains salvation,
Must and shall be born again.

CLIV.

Short Metre.

Pride.

1 INNUMERABLE foes
Attack the child of God.
He feels within the weight of sin,
A grievous galling, load.

2 Temptations too without,
Of various kinds, assault.
Sly snares beset his trav'lling feet,
And make him often halt.

3 From sinner, and from saint,
He meets with many a blow;
His own bad heart creates him smart,
Which only God can know.

4 But tho' the host of hell
Be neither weak nor small:
One mighty foe deals dang'rous woe,
And hurts byond them all.

5 'Tis

5 'Tis pride, accurſed pride:
That Spirit by God abhorr'd:
Do what we will it haunts us ſtil;
And keeps us from the Lord.

6 It blows its pois'nous breath,
And bloats the ſoul with air;
The heart up-lifts with God's own gifts,
And makes even grace a ſnare.

7 Awake—nay while we ſleep;
In all we think or ſpeak,
It puffs us glad, torments us ſad;
Its hold we cannot break.

8 In other ills we find
The hand of heav'n not ſlack:
Pride only knows to interpoſe,
And keep our comforts back.

9 'Tis hurtful, when perceiv'd:
When not perceiv'd, 'tis worſe.
Unſeen or ſeen it dwells within;
And works by fraud or force.

10 Againſt its influence pray,
It mingles with the pray'r;
Againſt it preach, it prompts the ſpeech;
Be ſilent, ſtill 'tis there.

11 This moment, while I write,
I feel its pow'r within;

My

My heart it draws to ſeek applauſe,
And mixes all with ſin.

12 Thou meek and lowly lamb,
This haughty tyrant kill;
That wounded thee, tho' thou waſt fr ee,
And grieves thy ſpirit ſtill.

13 Our condeſcending God,
(To whom elſe ſhall we go?)
Remove our pride, whate'er betide,
And lay and keep us low.

14 Thy garden is the place,
Where pride cannot intrude:
For ſhould it dare to enter there,
Twould ſoon be drown'd in blood.

CLV.

Short metre.

The Prodigal.

1 NOW for a wond'rous ſong.
(Keep diſtance, ye profance;
Be ſilent each unhallow'd tongue;
Nor turn the truth to bane.)

2 The prodigal's return'd,
Th' apoſtate bold and baſe;
That all his Father's counſels ſpurn'd,
And long abus'd his grace.

3 What

3 What treatment since he came?
Love tenderly expreſt.
What robe is brought to hide his ſhame?
The beſt; the very beſt.

4 Rich food the ſervants bring;
Sweet muſic charms his ears;
See what a beauteous coſtly ring
The beggar's finger wears!

5 Ye elder ſons, be ſtill;
Give no bad paſſion vent:
My brethren, 'tis our Father's will,
And you muſt be content.

6 All that he has is yours:
Rejoice then, not repine,
That love that all your ſtates ſecures,
That love has alter'd mine.

7 Good God, are theſe thy ways!
If rebels thus are freed;
And favour'd with peculiar grace,
Grace muſt be free indeed.

CLVI.

Common Metre.

Who of God is made unto us wiſdom and righteouſneſs and ſanctification, and redemption. 1 Cor. i. 30.

1 BELIEVERS own they are but blind;
They know themſelves unwiſe:

But wisdom in the Lord they find ;
Who opens all their eyes.

2 Unrighteous are they all, when tried :
But God himself declares,
In *Jesus* they are justified ;
His righteousness is theirs.

3 That we're unholy needs no proof
We sorely feel the fall :
But *Christ* has holiness enough
To *sanctify* us all.

4 Expos'd by sin to God's just wrath,
We look to *Christ*, and view,
Redemption in his blood by faith,
And *full* redemption too.

5 Some this, some that good virtue teach,
To rectify the soul :
But we first after *Jesus* reach,
And richly grasp the whole.

9 To *Jesus* join'd we all that's good
From him our head derive ;
We eat his flesh, and drink his blood ;
And *by* and *in* him live.

CLVII.

Common Metre.

And the Lord shut him in. Gen. vii. 16.

1 WHEN *Noah*, with his favour'd few,
Was order'd to embark;
Eight human souls a little crew,
Enter'd on board his ark.

2 Tho' ev'ry part he might secure,
With bar, or bolt, or pin;
To make the preservation sure,
Jehovah shut him in.

3 The waters then might swell their tides,
The billows rage and roar:
They could not stave th' assaulted sides,
Nor burst the batter'd door.

4 So souls, that into *Christ* believe,
Quicken'd by vital faith,
Eternal life at once receive,
And never shall see death.

5 In his own heart the *Christian* puts
No trust; but builds his hopes
On him that opes, and no man shuts;
And shuts, and no man opes.

6 In *Christ* his ark he safely rides,
Not wreck'd by death nor sin.

How

How is it he ſo faſt abides ?
The Lord has ſhut him in.

CLVIII.

Free Grace.

1 YE children of God,
By faith in his Son
Redeem'd by his blood,
And with him made one.
This union with wonder
And rapture be ſeen ;
Which nothing ſhall ſunder
Without or within.

2 This pardon, this peace
Which none can deſtroy,
This treaſure of grace,
This heavenly joy,
The worthleſs may crave it,
It always comes free :
The vileſt may have it,
'Twas given to *Me*.

3 'Tis not for good deeds,
Good tempers nor frames ;
From grace it proceeds.
And all is the Lamb's.
No goodneſs, no fitneſs
Expects he from us :

This I can well witneſs:
For none could be worſe.

4 Sick ſinner expect
No balm, but Chriſt's blood:
Thy own works reject,
The bad and the good.
None ever miſcarry
That on him rely,
Tho' filthy as *Mary**.
Manaſſeh, or I.

* Mary Magdalene.

CLIX.

In that day there ſhall be a fountain opened to the houſe of David, and to the inhabitants of Jeruſalem, for ſin and for uncleanneſs. Zech. xiii. 1.

1 THE fountain of Chriſt
Aſſiſt me to ſing,
The blood of our prieſt,
Our crucify'd king;
Which perfectly cleanſes
From ſin, and from filth;
And richly diſpenſes
Salvation and health.

2 This fountain ſo dear,
He'll freely impart;
Unlock'd by the ſpear,
It guſh'd from his heart.

With

With blood, and with water,
The firſt to atone,
To cleanſe us the latter ;
The fountain's but one.

3 This fountain is ſuch
(As thouſands can tell)
The moment we touch
Its ſtreams, we are well.
All waters beſide them
Are full of the curſe ;
For all that have try'd them
Swell, rot, and grow worſe.

4 This fountain, ſick ſoul,
Recovers thee quite ;
Bathe here, and be whole ;
Waſh here, and be white :
Whatever diſeaſes
Or dangers befal,
The fountain of *Jeſus*
Will rid thee of all.

5 This fountain from guilt
Not only makes pure,
And gives, ſoon as as felt,
Infallible cure ;
But if guilt removed
Return, and remain,
Its pow'r may be proved
Again and again.

6 This fountain unſeal'd
Stands open for all,
That long to be heal'd,
The great and the ſmall:
Here's ſtrength for the weakly,
That hither are led:
Here's health for the ſickly;
Here's life for the dead.

7 This fountain, tho' rich,
From charge is quite clear;
The poorer the wretch
The welcomer here.
Come needy, come guilty,
Come loathſome and bare;
You can't come too filthy—
Come juſt as you are.

8 This fountain in vain
Has never been try'd;
It takes out all ſtain
Whene'er apply'd:
The water flows ſweetly
With virtue divine,
To cleanſe ſouls completely
Tho' leprous as mine.

CLX.

Short metre.

am the way, and the truth, and the life. John xiv. 6.

I Am, saith *Christ*, *the way*,
Now if we credit *him*,
All other paths must lead astray,
How fair soe'er they seem.

2 I am, saith *Christ*, *the truth*.
Then all that lacks this test,
Proceed it from an angel's mouth,
Is but a lie at best.

3 I am, saith *Christ*, *the life*,
Let this be seen by faith,
It follows without further strife,
That all besides is death.

4 If what those words aver,
The Holy Ghost apply;
The simplest *Christian* shall not err,
Nor be deceiv'd, nor die.

CLXI.

Common metre.

For the law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ. John i. 17.

1 IS then the law of God untrue,
Which he by *Moses* gave?

No

No: but to take it in this view,
That it has pow'r to save.

2 Legal obedience were complete,
Could we the law fulfil:
But no man ever did so yet;
And no man ever will.

3 The law was never meant to give
New strength to man's lost race.
We cannot act before we live;
And life proceeds from grace.

4 But grace and truth by *Christ* are giv'n,
To him must *Moses* bow.
Grace fits the new-born soul for heav'n,
And truth informs us how.

5 By *Christ* we enter into rest;
And triumph o'er the fall.
Whoe'er would be completely blest.
Must trust to *Christ for all.*

CLXII. 164

Let God be true, but every man a liar. Rom. iii. 4.

1 THE God I trust.
Is true and just;
His mercy hath no end.
Himself hath said,
My ransom's paid:
And I on him depend.

Then

2 Then why ſo ſad,
My ſoul? Though bad,
Thou haſt a friend that's good,
He bought thee dear:
(Abandon fear)
He bought thee with his blood.

3 So rich a coſt
Can ne'er be loſt,
Though faith be tri'd by fire.
Keep *Chriſt* in view:
Let God be true,
And ev'ry man a liar.

CLXIII. 165

For thine is the kingdom, &c. Matt. vi. 13.

1 YE ſouls that are weak,
And helpleſs, and poor,
Who know not to ſpeak;
Much leſs to do more;
Lo! here's a foundation
For comfort and peace.
In *Chriſt* is ſalvation:
The kingdom is his.

2 With power he rules;
And wonders performs;
Gives conduct to fools,
And courage to worms,

Beſet

Beſet by ſore evils
Without, and within,
By legions of devils,
And mountains of ſin.

3 Then be not afraid;
All power is giv'n
To *Jeſus* our head,
In earth, and in heav'n.
Thro' him we ſhall conquer
The mightieſt foes:
Our Captain is ſtronger
Than all that oppoſe.

3 His pow'r from above
He'll kindly impart;
So free is his love,
So tender his heart.
Redeem'd with his merit,
We're waſh'd in his blood;
Renew'd by his Spirit.
We've power with God.

5 Thy grace we adore,
Director divine,
The kingdom, and pow'r,
And glory are thine.
Preſerve us from running
On rocks or on ſhelves;
From foes ſtrong and cunning;
And moſt from ourſelves.

Reign o'er us as king;
  Accompliſh thy will:
And pow'rfully bring
  Us forth from all ill;
Till falling before thee
  We laud thy lov'd name,
Aſcribing the glory
  To God, and the Lamb.

CLXIV.

Common Metre.

For he ſhall not ſpeak of himſelf. John xvi. 13.

1 WHATEVER prompts the ſoul to pride,
  Or gives us room to boaſt,
(Except in *Jeſus* crucified)
  Is not the Holy Ghoſt.

2 That bleſſed Spir't omits to ſpeak
  Of what himſelf has done;
And bids th' enlighten'd ſinner ſeek
  Salvation in the Son.

3 He ſeldom moves a man to ſay,
  "Thank God, I'm made ſo good."
But turns his eye another way,
  To *Jeſus*, and his blood.

4 Great are the graces he confers
  But all in *Jeſu's* name.

He

He gladly dictates, gladly hears,
" *Salvation to the Lamb.*"

CLXV.

Short Metre.

1 WHEN thro' the desart vast
The chosen tribe were led,
They could not plow, nor till, nor sow;
Yet never wanted bread.

2 Around their wand'ring camp
The copious manna feel:
Strew'd on the ground, a food they found
But what, they could not tell.

3 But better bread by far
Is now to *Christians* giv'n;
Poor sinners eat immortal meat,
The living bread from heav'n.

4 We eat the flesh of Christ;
Who is the bread of God.
Their food was coarse, compar'd with ours
Tho' their's was angels food.

CLXVI.

1 WHAT creatures beside
Are favour'd like us?

Forgiven

Forgiven, supply'd,
And banquetted thus.
By God our good father:
Who gave us his son;
And sent him to gather
His children in one?

2 Salvation's of God,
Th' effect of free grace
Upon us bestow'd
Before the world was.
God from everlasting
Be blest; and again
Blest to everlasting,
Amen, and Amen.

HYMNS

FROM

JOHN RIPPON's COLLECTION.

CLXVII.

Common Metre.

The excellency and sufficiency of the holy Scriptures.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word.
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.

2 Here, may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows
And yields a free repast,

Sublimer

Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

6 Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near,
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my *Saviour there*.

CLXVIII.

Common Metre.

The gospel worthy of all acceptation. 1 Tim. i. 15.

1 JESUS, th' eternal son of God,
Whom seraphim obey,
The bosom of the Father leaves,
And enters human clay.

2 Into our sinful world he comes
The messenger of grace,
And on the bloody tree expires,
A victim in our place.

3 Transf-

3 Tranſgreſſors of the deepeſt ſtain
In him ſalvation find:
His blood removes the fouleſt guilt,
His ſpirit heals the mind.

4 Our *Jeſus* ſaves from ſin and hell,
His words are true and ſure,
And on this rock our faith may reſt
Immoveably ſecure.

5 O let theſe tidings be receiv'd
With univerſal joy,
And let the high angelic praiſe
Our tuneful powers employ!

6 "Glory to God who gave his Son
"To bear our ſhame and pain:
"Hence peace on earth, and grace to men
"In endleſs bleſſings reign."

CLXIX.

Common Metre.

Complete Salvation.

1 SALVATION thro' our dying God,
Is finiſh'd and complete;
He paid whate'er his people ow'd
And cancell'd all their debt.

2 Salvation

2 Salvation now ſhall be my ſtay,
" A ſinner ſav'd," I'll cry ;
Then gladly quit this mortal clay,
For better joys on high.

CLXX.

Common metre.

The incarnation of Chriſt. Luke ii. 14.

1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the ſolemn lay ;
Joy, love and gratitude combine
To hail th' auſpicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous ſong began,
And ſweet ſeraphic fire
Thro' all the ſhining legions ran,
And ſtrung and tun'd the lyre.

3 Swift thro' the vaſt expanſe it if flew,
And loud the echo roll'd ;
The theme, the ſong, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down thro' the portals of the ſky
Th' impetuous torrent ran ;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

5 [Wrapt in the ſilence of the night
Lay all the eaſtern world,

When burſting, glorious, heavenly light
The wond'rous ſcene unfurl'd.]

6 Hark! the cherubic armies ſhout,
And glory leads the ſong:
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heav'nly throng.

7 [O for a glance of heavenly love
Our hearts and ſongs to raiſe;
Sweetly to bear our ſouls above,
And mingle with their lays!

8 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high;
"Good-will and peace are now complete,
"Jeſus was born to die."

9 Hail, Prince of life, forever hail!
Redeemer, brother, friend!
Tho' earth, and time, and life ſhould fail,
Thy praiſe ſhall never end.

CLXXI. 172

Long Metre.

Chriſt's Aſcenſion. Pſalm xxiv. 7.

1 OUR Lord is riſen from the dead,
Our *Jeſus* is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the ſky.

2 There

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay.
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates
"Ye Everlasting doors, give way!

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right,
Receive the king of glory in.

4 "Who is the king of glory, who?"
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And *Jesus* is the conqueror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates?
"Ye everlasting doors, give way!"

6 "Who is the king of glory, who?"
The Lord of boundless pow'r possest,
The king of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest!

CLXXII.

Long Metre.

The intercession of Christ. Heb. vii. 25.

1 HE lives, the great Redeemer's lives,
(What joy the blest assurance gives!

And

And now before his Father God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And juſtice arm'd with frowns appears;
But in the *Saviour*'s lovely face.
Sweet mercy ſmiles, and all is peace.

3 Hence then, ye black deſpairing thoughts,
Above our fears, above our faults
His powerful interceſſions riſe,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

4 In every dark diſtreſsful hour,
When ſin and Satan join their power;
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That *Jeſus* bears us on his heart.

5 Great advocate, almighty friend—
On him our humble hopes depend:
Our cauſe can never, never fail,
For *Jeſus* pleads, and muſt prevail.

CLXXIII.

Common metre.

The Spiritual Coronation. Cant. iii. 11.

Angels.

1 ALL-hail the pow'r of *Jeſus*' name!
Let angels proſtrate fall:

Bring

Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

Martyrs.

2 [Crown him ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the ſtem of Jeſſe's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.]

Converted Jews.

3 [Ye choſen ſeed of Iſrael's race,
A remnant weak and ſmall;
Hail him who ſaves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.]

Believing Gentiles.

4 [Ye Gentile ſinners ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go ſpread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

Sinners of every age.

5 [Babes, men, and ſires, who know his love,
Who feel your ſin and thrall,
Now joy with all the hoſts above,
And crown him Lord of all.

Sinners of every nation.

6 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe
On this terreſtrial ball,

To

To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

Ourselves.

7 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

CLXXIV.

Long Metre.

The Ransom. Isaiah lxi. 2.

1 "I COME," the great Redeemer cries,
"A year of freedom to declare,
"From debts and bondage to discharge,
"And Jews and Greeks the grace shall share:

2 "A day of vengeance I proclaim,
"But not on man the storm shall fall.
"On me its thunders shall descend,
"My strength, my love sustain them all."

3 Stupendous favour! matchless grace!
Jesus has dy'd that we might live;
Not worlds below, nor worlds above
Could so divine a ransom give.

4 To him, who lov'd our ruin'd race
And for our lives laid down his own,

Let

Let songs of joyful praises rise,
Sublime, eternal as his throne.

CLXXV.

Long Metre.

Christ exalted to be a Prince and Saviour to give repentance. Acts, v. 31.

EXALTED Prince of Life, we own
The royal honours of thy throne;
'Tis fix'd by God's almighty hand,
And seraphs bow at thy command.

Exalted *Saviour*, we confess
The sov'reign triumphs of thy grace;
Where beams of gentle radiance shine,
And temper majesty divine.

Wide thy resistless sceptre sway,
Till all thine enemies obey:
Wide may thy cross its virtue prove,
And conquer millions by its love!

Mighty to vanquish, and forgive,
Thine Israel shall repent and live;
And loud proclaim thy healing breath,
Which works their life, who wrought thy death.

CLXXVI.

Long Metre.

Exhortation to prayer.

1 WHAT various hindrances meet,
In coming to a mercy-ſeat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wiſhes to be often there.

2 Prayer makes the dark'ned cloud withdraw
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob ſaw;
Gives exerciſe to faith and love,
Brings every bleſſing from above.

3 Reſtraining prayer, we ceaſe to fight;
Prayer makes the *Chriſtian's* armour bright
And *Satan* trembles when he ſees
The weakeſt ſaint upon his knees.

4 While *Moſes* ſtood with arms ſpread wide
Succeſs was found on Iſrael's ſide;
But when thro' wearineſs they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.

5 Have you no words, ah, think again,
Words flows apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the ſad tale of all your care.

6 Were half the breath thus vainly ſpent,
To heaven in ſupplication ſent,

Yo

Your cheerful ſong would often be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

CLXXVII.

Long Metre.

Thy kingdom come. Matt. vi. 10.

1 ASCEND thy throne, Almighty king,
And ſpread thy glories all abroad;
Let thine own arm ſalvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.

2 Let millions bow before thy ſeat,
Let humble mourners ſeek thy face,
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdu'd by thy victrious grace.

3 O let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord;
Let Saints, and angels praiſe thy name,
Be thou thro' heaven and earth ador'd.

CLXXVIII.

Long Metre.

The ſpread of the Goſpel. Matt. vi. 10.

1 TO diſtant lands thy goſpel ſend,
And thus thy empire wide extend:
To Gentile, Turk, and ſtubborn Jew,
Thou King of Grace! ſalvation ſhew.

2 Where'er thy ſun, or light ariſe,
Thy name, O God immortalize;
May nations yet unborn confeſs,
Thy wiſdom, power and righteouſneſs.

CLXXIX.

1 TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
Be praiſe amid the heavenly hoſt,
And in the church below;
From whom all creatures drew their breath,
By whom redemption bleſs'd the earth,
From whom all comforts flow!

CLXXX.

Common Metre.

The increaſe of the Church promiſed and pleaded.
Pſalm ii. 8.

1 FATHER, is not thy promiſe pledg'd
To thine exalted Son.
That through the nations of the earth
Thy word of life ſhall run?

2 "Aſk, and I give the heathen lands
"For thine inheritance,
"And to the world's remoteſt ſhores
"Thine empire ſhall advance."

3 Haſt thou not ſaid the blinded Jews
Shall their Redeemer own;

While

While Gentiles to his ſtandard crowd,
And bow before his throne?

4 [When ſhall th' untutor'd Indian tribes,
A dark bewilder'd race,
Sit down at our *Immanuel's* feet,
And learn and feel his grace?

5 Are not all kingdoms, tribes and tongues,
Under th' expanſe of heaven,
To the dominion of thy Son,
Without exemption given?

6 From eaſt to weſt, from north to ſouth,
Then be his name ador'd!
Europe, with all thy millions, ſhout,
Hoſannahs to the Lord!

7 Aſia and Africa reſound,
From ſhore to ſhore his fame;
And thou, America, in ſongs,
Redeeming love proclaim!

CLXXXI.

Common Metre.

The wonders of Redemption.

1 AND did the holy and juſt,
The ſovreign of the ſkies,
Stoop down to wretchedneſs and duſt,
That guilty worms might riſe?

2 Yes,

2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high,
(Surprising mercy! love unknown!)
To suffer, bleed and die.

3 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffer'd in his stead;
For man, (O miracle of grace!)
For man the *Saviour* bled!

4 Dear Lord what heav'nly wonders dwell,
In thy atoning blood?
By this are sinners snatch'd from hell
And rebels brought to God.

5 *Jesus*, my soul adoring bends
To love so full, so free;
And may I hope that love extends
Its sacred power to me?

6 What glad return can I impart
For favors so divine?
O take my all—this worthless heart,
And make it only thine.

CLXXXII.

Common Metre.
Praise to the Redeemer.

1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
O may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display?

Imagi

Imagination's utmoſt ſtretch ?
In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliſs,
And came to earth to bleed and die !
Was ever love like this ?

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee ;
May every heart with rapture ſay,
" The Saviour dy'd for me."

5 O may the ſweet, the bliſsful theme
Fill every heart and tongue ;
Till ſtrangers love thy charming name,
And join the ſacred ſong.

CLXXXIII.

Common Metre.

Submiſſion under bereaving Providences. Pſalm xlvi. 10.

1 PEACE, 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand
That blaſts our joys in death ;
Changes the viſage once ſo dear,
And gathers back the breath.

2 'Tis he, the potentate ſupreme
Of all the world's above,
Whoſe ſteady counſels wiſely rule ;
Nor from their purpoſe move.

3 'Tis he, whose justice might demand
Our souls a sacrifice;
Yet scatters with unwearied hand,
A thousand rich supplies.

4 Our covenant God and father he,
In Christ our bleeding Lord;
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart
With one reviving word.

5 Fair garlands of immortal bliss
He weaves for every brow;
And shall rebellious passions rise,
When he corrects us now?

6 Silent we own Jehovah's name,
We kiss the scourging hand;
And yield our comforts and our life
To thy supreme command.

HYMNS

By JOHN BARCLAY.

CLXXXIV.

Common Metre.

Christ's Love passing knowledge. Ephes. iii. 18.

HOW long! how broad! how deep! how high
Like God, the gift he gave!
His Son of love for sin to die,
The heirs of hell to save!
Love bolted earthly paradise,
Love open'd heaven's door;
Love gave us life thro' righteousness,
All-pure, as God is pure.

Tho' we in ev'ry thing offend,
The perfect faithful one
Doth in his holy beauties stand
Eternal God and man:
His blood is our atonement dear;
Love centers in his heart;
Our names are all engraven there
By sov'reign Wisdom's art.

3 As on the grass distils the dew,
Nor waits the will of man;
So God to us his love did shew,
When we nor will'd, nor ran:
As rivers from the ocean go,
And to the ocean run,
Blessing the vales thro' which they flow,
Till all their course be done:

4 So pure unfeigned love doth flow,
All free to us from God:
Let us love all our brethren so;
For love is our abode.
Begone, ye filthy lusts below!
Hail to the joys above!
Eternal hallelujahs to
Our God! Our God is love!

CLXXXV.

Common Metre.

The Lord's prayer.

1 OUR Father, Lord, and God, and king,
Who reignest over all,
O'ershade thy children with thy wing,
And hear us when we call:
O hallow'd be thy holy name,
And hallow'd be thy praise;
Thy praise alone be all our theme,
And service, all our days!

2 Th

2 Thy kingdom promis'd in the hour
Appointed by thy love,
The kingdom of thy grace and pow'r,
Come quickly from above:
Thou fayeſt, Behold, I quickly come;
Come, even ſo, Amen;
And take us to thy glory home,
That we with thee may reign.

3 Thy will, in all the world around,
As it in heav'n is done,
Be done by us as we are bound,
In name of God the Son:
Give day by day whate'er we need,
According to thy will;
Thou, Father, wilt thy fam'ly feed,
With due proviſion ſtill.

5 Forgive our daily ſins, we pray!
Forgiveneſs ſtill we need;
For tho' our guilt is waſh'd away,
And juſtice hath us freed,
Alas! our daily treſpaſſes,
While we on earth ſojourn,
O God, againſt thy love tranſgreſs;
For which, aſham'd, we mourn!

5 That mercy we've obtain'd of thee,
(For thou, O God, art love;)
So full! ſo pure! ſo ſov'reign! free!
Shall us for ever move

Our

Our brethren freely to remit
The fifty pence they owe;
As thou forgave us all that debt,
That we might now do so.

6 Deliver, Lord, from ills around;
From all temptations free;
And let thy mercy more abound,
As we in danger be;
We only plead thy promise, Lord,
And glory in thy love,
Assur'd, according to thy word,
Thou wilt our Father prove.

7 Behold, the kingdom, glory, pow'r,
Are thine for ever more;
Thou, in thine own decisive hour,
Wilt all things new restore:
In confidence of love divine,
Thou, *One eternal Three.*
In one Amen we all combine:
O Abba, Father, see!

HYMNS

By RALPH ERSKINE.

CLXXXVI.

Common Metre.

His saving benefits.

LO! in this mount the Lord of hosts
A banquet shall prepare,
For all that tread on Zion's coasts,
And people ev'ry where.

He'll with fat things and wines suffice,
Fat things of marrow full,
Wines well refin'd, from off the lees,
To glad and cheer the dull.

And in this mount he'll raise the vail,
The face o'er-covering shade,
Of darkness cast o'er people all,
And o'er all nations spread.

He'll swallow up, in victory,
Grim death, the king of fears;

From faces all the Lord moſt high
Will wipe away the tears :

5 What baſe contempt, and vile reproach,
Were on his people laid,
From off the earth he'll quite diſpatch ;
For ſo the Lord hath ſaid.

CLXXXVII.

Common metre.

Chriſt's Commiſſion opened, which he received from the Father ; and the joyful ſinging with which the glad tidings thereof ſhould be received.

Iſa. xlii, 5—12.

1 THUS ſays the Lord of heav'n and earth,
That ſtretched out the ſkies,
And all his tribes of earthly birth,
With life and breath ſupplies.

2 In right, to thee my call I grant,
And thee ſupport will I ;
I'll give thee for a covenant
To people far and nigh ;

3 T' illuminate, with ſaving light,
The eyes of Gentiles blind ;
To rend the clouds that them benight,
And priſoners unbind.

4 I, who thee authorize, declare,
That I *Jehovah* am;
My praiſe no idol god ſhall ſhare;
Thou only bear'ſt my name.

5 Lo! all my promiſes of old
Men now accompliſh'd ſee;
And future things a new-foretold
Shall be fulfill'd in thee.

6 Let all the earth, then, to the Lord,
Sing, glad, an anthem new;
The Gentile race with one accord,
In conſort with the Jew.

7 Th' inhabitants of rocks and iſles,
Of wilds and cities fair,
Of Kedar huts and naked hills,
And ſingers ev'ry where:

8 Let them Jehovah's glory raiſe,
In elevated ſtiles;
And celebrate his higheſt praiſe
In earth's remoteſt iſles.

CLXXXVIII.

Common metre.

Salvation in Chriſt alone. Iſa. xlv. 21, 22.

1 TH' Eternal Son of God proclaims,
His God-head from above;

Mercy and juſtice are my names,
The fair enam'ling love.

2 Lift up your eyes, ye mankind loſt,
And look to me alone;
I'm God the Saviour, God the juſt;
Beſide me there is none.

3 Look from the earth's remoteſt ends,
By faith, and be ye ſav'd:
My grace, that call'd the Jews, extends
To Gentile lands enſlav'd.

4 Where'er you are, by land or ſea,
At home, or far abroad,
Look not to idols vain, but me
The omnipreſent God.

5 In me you'll find ſalvation ſure
From ſin, and death, and hell;
And life more happy and ſecure,
Than 'twas before you fell.

CLXXXIX.

Common Metre.

Chriſt's *nativity celebrated*; or, *the firſt good news our* Saviour's *birth, by an angel to the Shepherds Bethlehem; together with the ſong of a numerous company of angels thereupon.* Luke ii. 8,—14.

1 WHILE ſhepherds watch'd, in Bethle'm
An angel bright appear'd; [field
Heav'

Heav'n's glory round them was reveal'd,
At which they greatly fear'd :

2 Fear not at all, ſaid he; for, lo !
I bring with ſweet ſolace,
Good tidings of great joy to you,
And all the human race.

3 To you is born this day and date,
In David's little town,
A *Saviour*, the Meſſiah great,
The Lord of high renown.

4 And this to you ſhall be the ſign,
You'll find the babe array'd,
And wrapt in ſwaddling cloths, but mean,
And in a manger laid.

5 Straightway with th' angel join'd aloud
A num'rous ſhining throng
Of heav'nly harpers praiſing God
In this melodious ſong.

6 " All glory, in the higheſt heav'ns,
" To God be render'd ſtill ;
" For peace on earth benignly giv'n,
" And towards men good-will.

CXC.

Common Metre. 191

The goſpel Feaſt, and the price of it.
Luke xvi, 16,—24. 1 Pet. iii. 18.

1 THY goſpel-table's furniſh'd, Lord,
With plenty from above;
The fruits of life o'erſpread the board,
The cup o'erflows with love.

2 Thy antient family, the Jews,
Was firſt call'd to the feaſt;
We Gentiles take what they refuſe,
And glad the banquet taſte.

3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
Made up of wounds and wants;
But at thy call, we come to claim
Supplies thy mercy grants.

4 What ſhall we pay th' eternal Son,
That left his high abode,
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us back to God?

5 To ſave our ſouls, and buy our lives,
It coſt him ev'n his own:
He bought the unknown joys he gives
With agonies unknown.

6 Our endleſs love to him is due,
That ranſom'd ſinners loſt,
And pity'd rebels, though he knew
What pains his love would coſt.

CXCI.

Common Metre.

Chriſt preſent to faith upon the goſpel-table, and in the ſacrament Supper. John vi. 35. Luke xxii, 19.

1 JESUS is gone above the ſkies,
Where now we ſee him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thruſt him from our thought.

2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
Forgetful of his face;
And to refreſh our minds he gave
Memorials of his grace.

3 He oft the goſpel-table ſpreads
With his own fleſh and blood;
Faith on the rich proviſion feeds,
And taſtes the love of God.

4 While he is abſent from our ſight,
'Tis to prepare a place,
Where we may dwell in heav'nly light,
For ever, near his face.

CXCII.

Common Metre.

Justification by faith alone in Christ's *righteousness.* Phil. iii. 7, 8, 9.

1 LORD, thro' thy grace, I'll boast no more
In duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before;
And only trust thy Son.

2 What was my gain, I for his name,
Do now account my loss:
My former glory is my shame,
I nail it to his cross.

3 Yea, doubtless, I all things esteem
But loss for *Jesus'* sake,
That so I may, while found in him,
His righteousness partake.

4 The choicest service of my hands,
Dares not to face thy throne;
But faith to answer thy demands,
Can plead what Christ has done.

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